THE LIVING AGE

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THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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THIS WEEK

THE horrible spectre of the German Nationalist Party throws a periodical scare into the bosoms of the peace-lovers and the friends of France. Apparently this fear is well founded, for Professor Quidde, a German Democrat and Pacifist of the old school, regards this movement as the most dangerous in Europe. He is, however, hopeful enough to prophesy its ultimate defeat.

* * *

A visiting Viennese, Dr. Otto Deutsch, is alarmed at the indifference of the average Parisian to the fall of the franc. The Doctor has seen what has happened in Central Europe and through his experienced eyes we are able to view the present spectacle with understanding.

* * *

Following its policy of making hay whether the sun shines or not, France has virtually determined to build the Trans-Saharan Railway. A Special Correspondent of the London *Morning Post* unfolds this scheme in full. Nor can the wayward philosopher refrain from a passing smile at the expense of the black men to whom a generous civilization is bringing its benefits at so great a cost.

* * *

The medicine man who attended Lenin in his last illness submits an expert's report of the ailments of his patient and then branches off into a character sketch of the man himself. True to form, the *Living Age* is trying to forestall the cycle of myths which are sure to accumulate on this subject.

* * *

Into the raucous arena of jazz-musical criticism steps Mr. E. F. Tschudi with a plea for the old composers. Like so many of these sensitive Europeans, he is very cross with Americans for having such vulgar tastes.

* * *

An artel is a Russian coöperative society that has been equally out of favor with the Tsarist régime and with the Bolsheviki. This state of affairs has developed a contentious spirit within the brotherhood, as is shown by the lively description of a typical meeting.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 321 — *APRIL 5, 1924* — NO. 4161

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE LABOR CABINETS AND ARMAMENTS

ENGLAND is worried over the rapid development of military aviation in France, which now has immeasurably the most powerful air force in the world and could easily put ten planes in service for every one owned by Great Britain. The Conservative Cabinet bequeathed to the Labor Ministry a defense scheme designed to remedy in part this inequality. Naturally a large military preparedness programme is inconsistent with the pacifist professions of the Labor Party, and threatens to defeat its plan to reduce government expenditures, or at least to readjust them so as to provide larger appropriations for social welfare and the relief of unemployment.

However, the new Government has felt compelled to approve the naval programme of its predecessor, which calls for five new cruisers and two new submarines — a smaller number than France and the United States propose to launch. The concentration of the British fleet in the Mediterranean, which is causing some irritation in both France and Italy, — though each of these countries claims that it is designed to favor the interests of the other, — is regarded by some as a strategic, precautionary measure, but by others, notably *Messaggero*, a Rome Pro-Government organ, as adopted partly for reasons of economy: 'The upkeep in the Mediterranean is cheaper than in home waters.'

The airplane programme, however, is a more controversial subject, and alarmist articles and speeches used to persuade the British public that the game of aerial competition is worth the candle have not been received without a certain amount of protest. The Prime Minister proposes to go no further than he is forced to in this direction. In his speech defending the Government's policy he said: —

> There is absolutely no national security in military expenditure.
>
> The British Commonwealth cannot be defended by fleets or armaments.
>
> People are beginning to feel there is something devilish in the operations now going on to increase armies, navies, and air forces.

Mr. Leach, the Undersecretary of War, urged that a defense programme must include diplomatic guaranties and in-

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strumentalities for the friendly solution of international disputes, as well as agencies of force, adding: —

If we continue to put fear at the helm and folly at the prow, we shall steer direct for the next war.

General Sir Ian Hamilton thinks that promoting the science of killing one's neighbors may be as effective a preventive of war as heaping up agencies of destruction: —

I think that by perfecting armaments — not by an increase of armaments — you do your best to try to help science to make war unthinkable. I hope that a pitch of perfection will come in airplanes and tanks when it will be obviously silly for anyone to go to war.

And even Commander Burney, M. P., who has been prominent in the campaign to impress upon Great Britain a realization of her present defenseless condition, concludes: —

If each country would but divert a tithe of the amount now spent upon armaments to educating people as to the enormously increased destructive power that science has put into the hands of men, the world would surely realize that, failing disarmament within a few years, civilization will go down in ruins on the outbreak of another great war.

Le Temps and *La France Militaire* suggest the interest with which this discussion has been followed in France by devoting first-column leaders to the subject. The former paper ridicules the British suggestion that the Dominions develop air fleets, and inquires whether it is proposed to have Canada and the United States begin aerial competition with each other. Both papers lay stress on the German danger, and refrain from any but the most elusive reference to France's vast air preparations.

*

INDIAN POLITICAL MANŒUVRES

INDIA has been the scene of much political manœuvring since the last election. Leaving aside the extreme Gandhi Party, whose members hold aloof from all coöperation, cast no ballots, and have no representation in the elective governing bodies, there are three forces in play: the British Administration, which still controls the situation, despite the recent concessions to self-government; the Swarajists, or Independence Party; and the Indian Liberals, who advocate gradual progress toward complete autonomy in coöperation with Great Britain, without an abrupt break with the present system.

Two outstanding conditions have manifested themselves since the last election: the fact that the Swarajists are the growing and aggressive element in native politics, and the drift of the Liberals toward a more resolute assertion of native rights and interests. But the increasing power and responsibility of the Swarajists appear to be moderating the opinions of their more conservative party-leaders, who hesitate to push the tactics of destroying the present Government from within to the point where they will actually wreck the existing system. Meanwhile the Independents — or native members not allied definitely with either of these dominant tendencies, who represent for the most part vested agricultural and mercantile interests — hold the balance of power, and promise to determine the success or failure of the new legislative institutions.

Broadly, political developments in India seem to be following a course somewhat similar to party trends in Ireland during the decade or more before the Free State was established. The Moderates have carried a motion in favor of immediate Dominion Government — a solution of the Indian question that would probably be satisfactory to a very large and influentia section of the native community, but

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would not quiet the agitation of those Swarajists who demand independence instanter, and especially the radicals who oppose all coöperation with the British authorities.

Furthermore, there is a difference of opinion regarding methods. Three views are contending for preference among Indian politicians. Some advocate a royal commission to study the question of a new constitution, others a round-table conference, and still others the National Convention. The Independents would accept with good grace a royal commission sent by the Home Government, believing it would work out a plan of constitutional progress more businesslike and more acceptable to the Westminster Parliament than either of the other proposed bodies. The Swarajists prefer — and are mainly responsible for carrying an Assembly resolution demanding — a round-table conference, where representatives of the British Administration and of the natives would meet together. They consider that this satisfies the principle of self-determination and at the same time promises results that would be accepted by Great Britain. Sticklers for complete Home Rule in India have urged that a National Convention draft and approve all constitutional changes without the participation of the Imperial Government.

However, India faces problems infinitely more complex and serious than those with which Ireland had to deal during her period of suffering and trial. The Hindu and Moslem communities, after partially reconciling their differences during a brief era of good feeling, are growing less cordial. This is due partly to the political success of the Swarajists, which has raised irritating questions of the division of candidacies and offices between the members of the two creeds, and partly to the abolition of the Caliphate by the Turkish Government. The abrupt elimination of the Caliphate question has deprived Indian Moslems of a cause in which they courted the friendship and aid of the Hindus. Simultaneously the Sikhs, who are neither Moslems nor Hindus, are on the warpath in the Punjab, and an anti-Brahman movement is under way in southern India. So religion and politics seem to be sadly intermingled.

It must be borne in mind that the men who claim — possibly with complete justification — to be the spokesmen of India represent a very small class. The present electorate does not exceed 5,000,000 in a population of more than 300,000,000.

George Lansbury, writing in the *Daily Herald*, the official organ of the Labor Party, cautions his readers that full Dominion status cannot be given India immediately, but favors a round-table conference to be held at once, 'for the purpose of discussing what can be done to give the Indian people confidence that Britain means to keep her word' — that is, to introduce gradually complete self-government. He concludes as follows: —

> India is a great country of many sects and races, but from one end to another there is a demand for freedom to live their own lives.
>
> It is said the British are the best colonizers in the world, that we have grafted our system of government on the government of many other lands. This is true, if we mean we have given *white* people self-government in Asia, Africa, Australia, and America.
>
> It remains to be seen whether we shall be wise enough, capable enough, to give freedom to the people of India, or whether, like other conquering races, we allow a righteous demand to pass unheeded, until the day comes when we are forced to yield to force that which we refuse to concede to reason.

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THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

EXCEPT for the Socialists and Communists, who are rather subdued under the dragooning they have received from their Fascist opponents, the Popolari, or Catholic Populists, cherish the most deep-seated antagonism for the present régime in Italy. Don Sturzo, their leader, recently declared in a public interview: —

> The substance of the theories that Fascism has foisted on to Nationalism is fundamentally pagan and antichristian. It is the idolatry of the State and the deification of the nation. In addition, crimes like homicide for national ends are admitted, encouraged, and praised. This incitement to violence is not only against the law of the State, it is worse — it breaks the two fundamental laws of the Gospel. Under such circumstances how is it possible to have any faith in the educational value which Fascism attaches to the introduction of the Catechism in the elementary schools?

Indeed, the official urbanity of Mussolini toward the Church and the concessions he has made her, especially in connection with the schools, are considered mere devices of expediency by those familiar with the dictator's earlier history. Twenty years ago, during a brief and varied career as school-teacher, mason, and Socialist writer, Mussolini found himself in Switzerland. On the twenty-sixth of March, 1904, almost exactly twenty years ago, a public debate was held in the Maison du Peuple, at Lausanne, upon the idea of God. A famous evangelical preacher, Alfredo Paglialatela, defended the orthodox conception of the Deity. The opposite side was taken by Mussolini, an unknown young journalist only twenty years old. The future dictator denied the existence of a personal God, as contrary to human reason, to science, and to the teaching of history. He quoted Heine's sarcastic exhortation 'to leave Heaven to the angels and swallows.' This address aroused sufficient interest to be printed, and now forms the first number of the Geneva *Biblioteca Internazionale di Propaganda Razionalista.* Not long afterward the speaker was deported from Switzerland.

However, the Vatican does not countenance Don Sturzo's attack upon Fascism. Cardinal Gasparri has issued an admonition to the priests, and Cardinal Laurenti to the religious orders, to refrain from active participation in the controversies of the coming campaign. They deplore that 'on certain occasions members of the clergy and of religious orders, with the best intentions and inspired by a misguided desire to defend religion or by impetuous love of their country, have plunged headlong into political agitation, to the sorrow and bewilderment of the faithful, and invariably to the detriment of the Church.' This hint apparently was not strong enough, for a second and a third caution have been issued from the same source.

La Tribuna, which is practically a Fascist organ, in referring to the last of these warnings says: 'Those who are unwilling to understand the lucid Latin of Cardinal Laurenti might well begin to study the provisions that the prudent discipline of the Catholic Church reserves for a last resort; but which, once adopted, are final.'

The same journal publishes a complete list of the Fascist ticket for the coming parliamentary elections, headed with this naïve statement: —

> Now that the national ballot is complete, we believe it will be interesting to publish in full the names of the 356 candidates, who may be considered already elected. Our readers thus have a complete picture of the majority in the coming Chamber.

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ABOLITION OF THE CALIPHATE

WESTERN EUROPE is still asking why the Angora Assembly abolished the Caliphate, and no entirely satisfactory answer is forthcoming, although the Assembly debates and such exegesis as the Turkish press has bestowed upon the subject have already been fully reported in the dispatches. Arnold Toynbee, writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, surmises that the Turks found too close an analogy between the position of the Caliph in Constantinople and that of the Pope in Rome since 1871: —

> Perhaps this analogy explains why the Turkish Government is now proceeding to the more radical step of banishing the 'spiritualized' Caliph from its territories altogether, for the Caliph and his adherents are no more likely than the Pope and his adherents to reconcile themselves in theory to the 'Vaticanization' which has been imposed upon them by force. Angora has found the situation as awkward as it has been found by the Quirinal, but, while Italian statesmanship has preserved its patience for more than half a century, Angora has waited less than eighteen months before cutting the Gordian knot. That daring stroke is bound to affect the relations of Turkey with the Western peoples, with her own nationals, and with other members of the Islamic world.

Upon the whole, British opinion was sympathetic with the deposed head of Islam, possibly moved thereto by consideration for the sensibilities of the Empire's large Mohammedan population. Russia, whose friendliness for Angora has cooled considerably of late, seems not to have received the change with favor, for the delegates of her ten million Moslem 'comrades' assembled in a congress at Kazan had recently proclaimed their loyalty to the Constantinople Caliph. The Mohammedans of India sent delegates expressly to remonstrate against the abolition of the office.

The action of the Assembly was preceded by a virulent campaign in the Turkish press attacking both the person and the office of the Caliph. Cartoons were published representing Abdul-Mejid as a sensual debauchee, battening on taxes raised from half-starved Anatolian peasants. There was much preaching of the superiority of lay teaching to the instruction given in religious schools and in favor of drastic secularization and modernization of Turkish institutions.

What seems incredible to many Western observers is that Turkey should voluntarily sacrifice the prestige that the possession of the Caliphate gave her, and should take a radical step sure to have a disintegrating effect upon the Islamic world. Some answer that Turkey wishes to emancipate herself from Islam, and to associate herself definitely with Europe and the Christian nations, although with no thought of adopting the Christian faith. A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* proposes this solution: —

> The truth of the matter is that the occult forces which are destroying Islam in the new Turkey, as they had already destroyed Christianity there, are not Turkish forces at all, but international forces, not dissimilar from those which urged Bolshevism to destroy the Orthodox Church — forces which have drawn their inspiration at various periods from the Salonikan, the Italian, or the French Radical Lodges. That is why even orthodox Jewry, hitherto respected and happy in Turkey, is falling under the Kemalist disestablishment ban.
>
> Politically, on the other hand, the Angora Secularists may have performed useful work. They have killed the Pan-Islamic movement, which had become, through its propaganda, a serious domestic menace to the peace and content of the Moslem dependencies of the great European Powers.

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THE LATIN PRESS CONGRESS

PERFECT harmony does not prevail among the presumptive supporters of Pan-Latinism. Our readers will recall that a Congress of the Latin Press was held at Lyon in France about a year ago, for the purpose of 'encouraging more intimate relations between the Latin peoples of Europe and the Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking republics of America.' The second Congress has just been held at Lisbon.

But Spanish newspapers show no enthusiasm for this project. Indeed, Louis Araquistain writes in *La Voz* that they have ignored it completely. *El Sol* — published under the ægis of the military censorship — protests: —

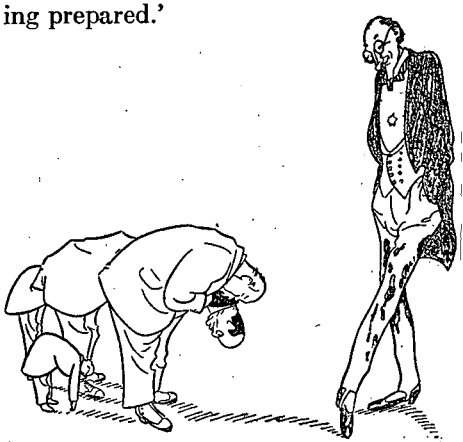
> To put the matter frankly, Latinism is a term shrewdly coined by France in order to demonstrate her affinity with Latin America, by a long detour through Rome, and thus to assert her intellectual suzerainty over the Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking nations across the Atlantic. France makes the pretension of being the most Latin of the Latin peoples — the sole authentic representative of the Latin spirit, entitled to exercise a cultural supervision over all other nations of the same descent.

Louis Araquistain, in the article previously cited, says: 'We do not blame France for this policy. She has a right to pursue it. But it is an absurdity for the Spanish and Portuguese nations to accept it.'

This is the reason why the most prominent representatives of the Spanish press have refused to coöperate with the Lyon organization, although they profess willingness to support a 'Spanish'-American press congress.

A Lisbon correspondent of *Le Temps* describes the Congress as socially a greater success than was anticipated. The practical questions before the Congress were 'delicate and complex, and cannot be solved in a day.' Consequently, many of them will be carried over to subsequent meetings. 'The Congress is seeking first of all to establish closer relations between the Latin countries of Europe and of South America, so that the latter may not fall under the control — particularly in respect to news service — of influences and interests that are not ours. It has been voted in principle to emancipate those countries from non-Latin control. A project looking to this is being prepared.'

HUNGRY GERMAN: 'And to think that when I could buy those things I was a vegetarian.'
Meggendorfer Blätter.



UNCLE SAM: 'The oil spots look bad, but when I jingle my dollars those Europeans bow so low they can't see them.
Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning.

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THE FUTURE OF GERMANY

BY PROFESSOR L. QUIDDE

[*Professor Quidde is a lifelong German Democrat, and was the author of a famous pamphlet entitled* Caligula, *published thirty years ago, in which he subjected the ex-Kaiser's psychology to a prophetic analysis. He has been prominent in German public life since the war.*]

From the *Observer, February* 10
(London Moderate Sunday Paper)

It is undeniable that a very powerful and very dangerous nationalist movement is at present stirring the German people. The movement demands the restoration of the country's defenses and preaches a war of revanche. In the occupied territory, however, no trace of it is to be seen. This is intelligible enough. Not only does the presence of the occupying forces render such propaganda impossible, but the people see clearly that in the event of a fresh war they would be the victims. After a victorious war the Rhineland and Ruhr districts would be a land of smoking ruins like the war zone of Northern France. The factories would be destroyed, the fertile country laid waste. So obvious is this that in the occupied territory, despite all that the inhabitants have to endure, no one rests his hopes on a 'war of liberation.' But so much the more sullen is the movement in unoccupied Germany. At many demonstrations calm observers — and they need not be at all pacifists — feel that they have got into a madhouse, so passionately and wildly is the population incited to prepare for the day of revenge.

We must endeavor to understand this movement. During the war, even when people in Germany still believed in victory, or at least in their country's invincibility, pacifist ideas had already made considerable progress among the German people, penetrating even the sphere of Prussian militarism. It was hoped that the result of this world catastrophe would be the creation of a new ordering of law which would ensure peace, so that this would be the 'last war.' Immediately after the military collapse and the revolution it was easy for such ideas to gain the adhesion of the preponderating majority of the German people.

If this state of things has now been so radically altered the cause is to be sought mainly in the peace itself and in the post-war policy of France. The Treaty brought terrible disillusionment, inasmuch as the Wilson programme, to which the Allies had bound themselves by the Lansing Note of November 8, 1918, was disregarded in almost every point. The application of the Treaty was felt to be a prolonged act of oppression. The advance into the Ruhr district seemed an illegal and brutal act of violence. The failure of passive resistance appeared to demonstrate the hopelessness of peaceful methods. The fact that grave errors of German policy and ill-will on the part of leading German industrial interests had furnished grounds or pretexts for the policy of France makes but little impression upon these German nationalists. They have absolutely no understanding of what is just in the French claims regarding Reparations and security.

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The important question is whether this nationalist movement contains a grave menace for the future. There can be no question of an immediate danger of war. It is quite unnecessary to take account of the strong pacifist countermovement which exists, particularly among the working classes. It is enough to point out that Germany is not in a condition to wage a war. She has really been disarmed, that is, she has been deprived of all means of fighting on a large scale — of her heavy guns, tanks, aircraft, munitions, and gas. The weapons which are illegally available constitute a menace to internal peace; for war they are without significance. No Government, even were it a Government of the extreme Right, will be so conscienceless and so insane as to lead Germany into war even with the most promising alliances. If in other countries there are politicians who imagine that by giving all kinds of secret aid to Germany they can equip a serviceable ally in the event of an armed conflict, then — unless the German people should be entirely forsaken by their good genius — they will experience a bitter disillusionment.

The German Nationalist movement nevertheless remains a grave obstacle to the pacification of Europe. But, if the motives are considered which gave rise to this movement, it is also apparent where the remedy lies. If France were to adopt a policy which, while completely safeguarding French interests, would nevertheless show good-will as regards the understanding and just appreciation of the vital interests of Germany, — a policy which would thereby secure to Germany the possibility of economic reconstruction and of ultimately meeting her international obligations, — a great change would assuredly take place. Whether M. Poincaré is able to bring about such a change, or whether to obtain it a fresh election must first create a different majority in the French Parliament, I am unable to judge. But of this I am sure: if a new policy were introduced, with a gesture such as the French are certainly masters of, a revulsion in Germany would be the immediate result. And if such a policy is then consistently carried out there will also be ground for looking forward to a Franco-German understanding. The mad spectre of revanche propaganda, which to-day appears so menacing, will then soon vanish, and this would simultaneously furnish the best guaranty of security for France.

I am fortified in this relatively optimistic view when I recall the development of German and English relations since 1914. During the war there was no hatred of France prevalent in Germany. The hatred of England was all the greater — partly from natural motives, partly as a result of artificial incitement. It appeared as if any understanding with England would be impossible on the part of Germany for a very long time to come. After the war this hatred of England was overcome comparatively quickly, notwithstanding the unfortunate part played by Mr. Lloyd George in 1919. The hatred of France, now increasing in such an alarming fashion, will not perhaps be subdued so easily, but it cannot be dissociated from the law of cause and effect any more than the former hatred of England.

As far as English policy is concerned, it is not to the interest of Germans that the differences between England and France should be accentuated, and that England should then place herself on our side in our conflict with France; but rather that England should employ those interests which are mutually bound up with the maintenance of the Anglo-French entente for the purpose of opening the way to a speedy and

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frank understanding between Germany and France.

Although only a certain progress has been made in that direction, the German Government will certainly apply for admission to the League of Nations during the present year. The League is not popular in Germany. This is due partly to sound motives, partly to the most fantastic prejudices. The view, however, which we German pacifists have always held, that Germany must necessarily apply for admission to the League, has gained much ground during the past year. It was only the specially unfavorable situation in regard to the Ruhr conflict which prevented the application from being submitted at the League's last session.

In its special relationship with Bavarian particularism, the nationalist movement is the mainstay of the Bavarian separatist policy, which has led to open attempt at insurrection against the Reich. How the friction between Bavaria and the Reich has developed since 1871, and has grown into the present menace to the internal union of the Reich, constitutes a special chapter of history with which I have dealt elsewhere. The critical moment came with the discontinuance of the Ruhr struggle, which, owing to the grave fault of the Cuno Government, seemed to an enormous section of the people a feeble sacrifice of national interests. In this situation the Bavarian Government openly defied the power of the Reich, whereupon two startling results followed, which ought, however, to have been foreseen. The Reichswehr in Bavaria showed that they could not be relied upon against the nationalist movement and refused to obey orders. The Reich Government, however, showed itself too weak to effect the disarmament of the disaffected Reichswehr and to carry through the prosecution of the rebels for high treason. The Bavarian question has been miserably 'bogged.' Now, instead of Bavaria being forced into obedience, 'federalist' concessions are demanded which would lead to the dissolution of the Reich.

This is one grave wound in the body of national unity. A second gapes open in the Rhineland and Ruhr. The separatist movement that has made its appearance there during the past few months has, however, no sort of hold among the people. It is mainly carried on by the rabble, who have succeeded in seizing power temporarily only because they were protected by the French and Belgian military forces. When General Degoutte had discovered what sort of people he had to deal with, and when the military guard was discontinued in most places, the separatists were soon finished with. They still assert themselves in the Palatinate under the protection of General de Metz. It is urgently in the interests of the Allies that an end should be made of this game, if they care for political decency and desire to bring about pacification.

There is also, indeed, the further danger that, acting under French pressure, important sections of the Rhenish-Westphalian industrial interests may consent to a solution of the Rhineland and Ruhr questions which is irreconcilable with the restoration of German territorial sovereignty and with political, administrative, and economic unity. For a time this danger appeared enormous and almost inevitable. At present, it seems, the position is more favorable. On this subject I should like to say, very earnestly, a few words which, coming from an old pacifist and democrat, may perhaps be heeded.

Any separation of the Rhinelands from Germany, no matter in what form it were carried out, would constitute an enormous danger to the peace of the

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world. For even if the population, acting under the pressure of political and economic need, should consent to it to-day, an Irredentist movement would very soon grow up, and one much stronger than any similar movement ever seen in Europe. The French Government would then have one day to face the choice of once more abandoning the Rhine frontier or of waging a fresh war. I am not one of the pessimists who think that there can be only a warlike solution in regard to the situation which would be created for Germany by a separation of the Rhinelands. I am confident that the world's organization of law would be sufficiently strong to secure a peaceful solution. But the existence of this terrible danger ought not to be questioned. It imposes upon all Governments a grave duty.

It remains to be seen whether the unexpiated high treason in Bavaria and the threatening situation in the Rhineland and Ruhr are the beginnings of the Reich's dissolution. I cannot believe it; I am swayed between fear and hope. But I am absolutely optimistic as regards a development of things which is dependent upon a lengthy period of time. However much the German Reich may be broken and rent asunder, the German people, who are and remain a unit in the world's civilization, will in any circumstances grow together again into a political unit. Every far-seeing policy ought to recognize this, and ought not to lend its aid in creating conditions, even of a temporary nature, which in the long run are untenable, and the removal of which by peaceful means will cost enormous labor.

As regards the immediate future, however, I should like to point out that other countries can easily exercise a decisive influence upon our immediate internal development, and in particular upon the result of the forthcoming elections for the Reichstag. By a reasonable treatment of the Rhineland and Ruhr question, the Reparations question, and the economic problems, let us be given an external political success, which would probably at once find expression in the revival of our economic life and in the reduction of our unemployment — let us be given this, and much wind will be taken out of the sails of the extremists both on the Right and on the Left; the danger of crises without end will be exorcised; the democratic Republic, upon which nationally and internationally all reasonable hopes for the future repose, will be strengthened; and a majority of the Centre, capable of governing, will be able to pursue a policy of mutual understanding and settlement.

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PARIS AND THE FALLING FRANC

BY DOCTOR OTTO DEUTSCH

[*This article was written about the middle of February, before the subsequent, more severe decline of the franc.*]

From *Neue Freie Presse, February* 21
(Vienna Nationalist-Liberal Daily)

The franc is falling, but Paris — the Paris that the visitor sees — refuses to note the fact. Only rarely, here and there, one sees on the bulletin boards and kiosks a modest poster put up by the Communist Party or the trades-unions or Professor Ernest Denis, famous for his war-time propaganda in favor of an independent Czechoslovakia, advertising demonstrations to protest against rising prices, inflation, and the *double décime* — that is, the twenty-per-cent boost in all taxes.

The so-called demonstrations do not make a ripple on the smooth surface of the city's life. I witnessed a Communist affair of that kind a few days ago. Little groups of working men and women crossed the Quai d'Orsay, the Place de la Concorde, and the Alexandre Bridge to the front of the Chamber of Deputies, in order to make a public protest there — in defiance of police prohibitions — against Poincaré and the Government's tax programme. There were no big processions, no fiery speeches, no large gatherings of people. The demonstrators came down the broad boulevards in little isolated groups of five or six, or emerged from the subway station at the Place de l'Opéra or the Madeleine, and were immediately dispersed by the police, who were massed in strength at every strategic point. That very evening a grand ball was held in the Opera House, which President Millerand attended. The boulevards were livelier than ever. Unbroken columns of automobiles had to wait at crossings even longer than usual to allow the traffic from the right and left to pass. Paris, so far as I could see, had ignored the affair completely, so that it turned out to be a police parade rather than a public demonstration.

But modest householders and middle-class families, pensioners and others who live on fixed incomes, and small tradespeople are already feeling the effect of this decline. Just as the stranger in Vienna during the early stages of our inflation saw nothing of the slow impoverishment of individuals, of the economies the common people were forced to practise, of the grinding-down of the standard of living in thousands and thousands of homes, so the stranger in Paris to-day sees nothing of these first stages of shrinking incomes and curtailed comfort.

A visitor from Vienna is rather shocked, to be sure, to discover that the clothing of the average Parisian, and especially of the Parisian lady, is by no means so neat and elegant as it used to be, and to observe that the fine costumes of wealthy tourists and the demimonde now stand out in striking contrast with the modest garb of the true Parisienne, who was so devoted to elegant attire, and who seems so unreal without it. The young girl described by Zola, whose careful mother made

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over her only gown for every ball and every party with new ruching and new trimming, has become a familiar figure on the boulevards, and one involuntarily glances at men's coats to see if sewed-up buttonholes and pockets do not indicate that the cloth has been turned. Naturally it is not really quite so bad as this, for the Parisian is an adept at making his wardrobe last. However, a man coming from Vienna, which has blossomed out so extraordinarily in new clothing during the last few months, finds these familiar premonitions of poverty disturbing and disenchanting.

To be sure, the statistical office at Paris conscientiously works out every month the index of wholesale prices and the cost of living. But one can count on his fingers the people in Paris who know what an index is. There are as yet no protracted strikes for higher wages, no essential increases of salary, and naturally no adjustments of pay to currency-depreciation. Consequently, petty employees and civil servants with incomes of five hundred to two thousand francs feel keenly the steadily rising cost of living. For them five centimes added to the fares of the underground, tramways, and busses means a hardship, and each new increment to the cost of bread, meat, and vegetables signifies the sacrifice of some accustomed luxury or comfort.

Foreigners, particularly Germans, do not feel this to the same extent. Consequently a storm of indignation is aroused whenever some loud-voiced Berliner, proud of his new gold marks and forgetting that he ever had a paper mark, loudly asserts in a restaurant or shop his opinion that 'everything here is cheap as dirt' — *jeschenkt billig!* Indeed, many things are very cheap according to our standards. For a franc a person can buy as much sausage, cheese, or pastry as he can eat. Bananas and oranges at forty centimes apiece seem to us incredibly cheap. So is a box of Tunis dates for a franc and a half, or a small bottle of champagne for thirty-two francs. But the Frenchman whose income is in francs, and who receives the same sum whether bread costs forty or eighty centimes, finds these prices intolerably high.

The Parisian is also gradually discovering that the newly coined bronze pieces of 1923, in two-franc, one-franc, and half-franc denominations, although they are pretty and shine like gold, no longer bear the inscription 'one franc,' but instead a dubious promise, 'good for one franc,' and are not the same as the old battered silver coins of Switzerland and France before 1914. But he has not yet thought out why sous have become extraordinarily scarce. Indeed, they are now so rare that ticket-collections on the Underground are no longer made with the former proverbial speed, because the cashier — who is still in the majority of cases a woman — has not the fifteen centimes to make change for the thirty-five-centime second-class fare.

The disappearance of five- and ten-centime pieces is easily explained. Most of the copper money recently in circulation consisted of Italian five- and ten-centesimi, which flowed into France very rapidly at the time when the lira was worth less than the franc. Now that the franc is worth less than the lira, these coins are skipping back to their own country with remarkable celerity.

However, one must not imagine that the fall of the franc has already produced in Paris the symptoms of disintegration and demoralization that the later phases of inflation produced in Vienna or Berlin. The discipline of the French public is as admirable as ever. A person who observes this re-

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markable self-discipline in the Underground and upon the streets cannot help admiring the national talent for organization. It seldom takes more than a minute for a crowded car to empty and refill. Each person realizes that his own conduct directly affects the smoothness of the service. Subway cars, tramcars, and busses have first- and second-class accommodation, and this is utilized to prevent overcrowding. Passengers are not permitted to stand up inside a bus or a car. If the second-class seats are taken and the standing-room on the platform is occupied, the next passenger must ride first class, which costs considerably more. If the first-class section also is full, no more passengers are allowed on board. In order to prevent confusion during rush hours, tablets of numbered slips are hung up at each tram-station, and passengers who are obliged to wait over tear off the outside slip. Then when the bus or car arrives, if there are not places for all, those having slips bearing the lowest numbers enter in regular order. Consequently there is no confusion.

The same order prevails in the control of traffic. An automobile that fails to stop at the proper point on a crossing is forced to back up until the crosswalk is clear. But almost invariably motorists automatically arrange themselves in regular ranks and columns while they wait, sometimes for a minute or more, until the cross traffic has passed. At the policeman's whistle they are instantly off again in a column of four files front.

Paris taxi-fares are still very low — in fact but little higher than before the war. The minimum charge for six hundred metres — about one third of a mile — is seventy-five centimes, with twenty centimes additional for every two-hundred metres beyond that distance. A ride of five and a half kilometres — more than three miles — costs five francs and seventy-five centimes, equivalent at current exchange to about twenty-five cents in American money. Parisians as well as foreigners find this extraordinarily cheap, and the taxicabs, no matter how numerous, have difficulty in handling the traffic. I once observed from the platform of the Arc de Triomphe, from which there is a glorious view over the western end of Paris, how rapidly the taxicabs changed at the stands. These are so numerous at the end of the Champs Élysées, where seven important avenues meet in a star, that I could see seven of them at once. Scarcely a minute passed at any of them when empty taxicabs did not arrive and new passengers leave. In several instances every cab at a stand was in use. Naturally the great number of cars for hire adds greatly to the density of the street traffic.

The number of tourists in Paris is increasing by leaps and bounds, and in May, during the Olympic games, the congestion promises to be unprecedented. Parisians told me that more English, Italian, and German are now spoken in their city than French, and it is a fact that in the principal Parisian revue theatres — for instance, the Folies-Bergère, the Casino de Paris, and the Grand Guignol — part of the programme is given in English. At the Folies-Bergère, where the super-revue, *En pleine folie*, has had an unprecedented run, and has been put on with such scenery and toilettes — or lack of toilettes — as have never been shown before, the actor who represents Dr. Caligari speaks German on the stage.

Fully five per cent of this throng of visitors already consists of North Germans. They go everywhere, and attend to their business undisturbed. They speak German on the streets and in the restaurants without protest, and

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act as if there never had been a war or a Ruhr occupation. As happened in Vienna, foreigners are taking advantage of the fall of the franc to buy up everything in sight. The famous Galeries Lafayette afford a spectacle, especially Saturday afternoons, that recalls the wildest buying-panics at Gerngross's in Vienna and Wertheim's in Berlin. The mob of customers at times positively endangers life, and counters are literally stormed by eager purchasers. However, it is hard to conceive that these tremendous sales will be followed by a dearth of goods. Paris has not been cut off from the markets of the world as Berlin and Vienna were during the war and the years immediately afterward. Her mercantile houses have commercial and credit connections that would seem to make a goods-famine inconceivable. The greater the demand the more abundant the supply. Merchants are throwing new goods on the market, and though their profits may be small, and they may occasionally lose through the precipitate fall of the franc, they imagine at least that upon the whole their tremendous turnover is bringing them a profit.

Furthermore, shop hours are not regulated by law in Paris, as they are in Vienna and Berlin. Many shops not only keep open Sundays but have two shifts on week days — until as late as 1 A.M. At midnight you can buy bonbons, fruit, antiques, books, souvenirs, and other articles everywhere on the boulevards. This nocturnal trade would be possible only in Paris, where the streets in the centre of the city and in Montmartre are as lively at midnight as the Graben or Kartnerstrasse in Vienna are at noon.

People in Paris do not talk much or willingly about the franc, but its decline is an invisible incubus upon the minds of all. A Parisian clings too tightly to his money to be able to conceive his franc in peril. He has heard only vague rumors of the collapse of the krone and the mark. He feels that he is safe from such a disaster, and yet he is subconsciously aware of some impending danger the full extent of which he cannot see. Only those Frenchmen who were in Austria and Germany during their worst period of currency demoralization know of such things at first hand. Your true Parisian does not travel; he keeps close to his beloved city, without learning or caring to learn of what happens elsewhere. So he faces the new situation as helplessly as the Viennese did in 1920. He imagines that the rise of prices is only temporary, that it is due to the speculation of the peasants and of the foreigners who are crazily buying up goods in France because they are cheap. He has not discovered the relation between the fall of the franc and the rising cost of living, and still lays all the blame on profiteers.

Frenchmen in general, and in particular the Frenchmen of Paris, have an unshaken faith in the ability of a new ministry to stop the depreciation of the currency, and to restore it to its former level. Consequently, while people abroad appreciate the seriousness of the situation, only the best-informed people in France comprehend what is happening. The rank and file merely shake their heads and are puzzled. They repeat stubbornly: 'The franc is still the franc.' And that conviction has not yet been undermined, despite its steady decline.

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THE TRANS-SAHARAN RAILWAY

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

From the *Morning Post, February* 15 and 16
(LONDON TORY DAILY)

THE decision of the French Government to begin as soon as possible on the gigantic work of constructing a Trans-Saharan Railway is one worthy of the traditions which have guided the French in the building up of their magnificent North African empire. The proposal will be submitted to the French Chamber in the immediate future, and there is little doubt that neither the present House nor its successor will fail to give its assent to this, the first imperial French line of railway.

Those who have seen the film of the Citroën cars crossing the Sahara will appreciate something of the magnitude of the task. That journey stirred the imagination of the French public as nothing else could have done, and cast on the Trans-Saharan something of the same glamour that the Cape-to-Cairo railway exercised over the mind of the British public twenty years ago. But while that all-British route from the Mediterranean to the Cape remains, and is likely to remain, unrealized, — one cannot even travel all the way from Cairo to Khartum by rail, and we have made no effort to link up the Sudan with the British territories south of it, — the Trans-Saharan will soon be an accomplished fact.

Lest, however, one be thought to be depreciatory of the energy and enthusiasm which the British people have brought to bear on African problems, it is only just to point out that no imperious need compels us with the Cape-to-Cairo. It was, and remains, a matter of sentiment. The French, on the other hand, are urged to lay down the Trans-Saharan by the instinct of self-preservation. In some respects France comes nearer than we do to the later Roman conception of the status of the provincial, and it is her settled policy to regard the thirty millions of her African subjects as helping to redress her own inequality in man-power. The Trans-Saharan Railway plays a part of the first importance in this conception.

General Mangin, who has become identified with the French policy of using black troops in Europe, has been largely responsible for the preparation of the plans of this, the boldest of the world's strategic railways. He presided over the Committee of the *Conseil Supérieur de la Défense Nationale,* which has been concerned in settling the outlines of the scheme. Divergences of view have naturally arisen. Some were in favor of choosing Bona as the northern terminus, and running the line through Eastern Algeria — there is already a railway as far as Tuggurt. The advantage of this port over Oran, which the supporters of the more westerly route favored, was its greater proximity to Marseilles. On the other hand, the easterly route from Oran via Tuggurt would have run unpleasantly close to the Tripolitan border, and would have been liable to attack from the Arab tribes beyond the French sphere of influence. The French Government was guided in its decision, which has settled upon Oran, by five conditions. These were to secure the

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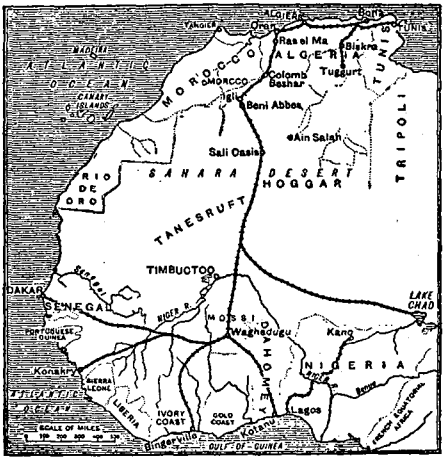
invulnerability of the line against foreign attack, to follow the shortest route possible, to start from a strong harbor, to tap French Western Africa at the point where it is richest in man-power, and to allow for the prolongation of the railway to French Equatorial Africa. The second and fifth of these conditions effectually ruled out the Moroccan route, the first, that from Bona.



The line will then start from Oran, run through Ras el Ma, cross the eastern spur of the Atlas at Forthassa at a height of about 4500 feet, and then traverse the uplands of Southern Algeria to Colomb Beshar, — 362 miles, — which is already joined to Oran by a narrow-gauge railway. Then the line will cross the Gir Wady and run down the right flank of the Wady Sawra to Beni Abbes. The oasis of Sali, 700 miles from Oran, will be an important station en route, and some thirty miles farther on the railway will at Tireshumin enter the dreaded Tanesruft, the land of thirst and the most desolate part of the Sahara. As far as the Niger River the railway will run over light sandy soil.

Then, after traversing the still comparatively sparsely inhabited regions of the Tuareg, and leaving Timbuctoo about 100 miles to the westward, to which a branch will run, the line will ultimately reach the rich agricultural country of the Mossi and have its terminus at the capital of that people of pure Negro stock, tillers of the soil and prolific breeders of their kind. Waghadugu is its name, and it is 2205 miles from Oran. But neither its lengthiness nor its cacophony will prevent it becoming the Clapham Junction of French Western Africa. From Waghadugu lines will radiate east, west, and south, to Dakar in Senegal, to the French Niger, to the Ivory Coast, to Dahomey. And later on a branch line will start some two hundred miles north of the Niger River and run southeast to Lake Chad and thence on to French Equatorial Africa. And yet some people say that the French are not an imperial people!

The engineering difficulties to be faced are not really serious. Some sharp curves and gradients of 1 in 80 will be necessary in the Atlas section, besides a bridge over the Niger River of 220 yards, and an occasional argument with the winding wady of the Sawra. Beyond this the sands of the Sahara lie open to the railway engineer, and doubtless the line will be laid with the same ease that was experienced in the building of the Australian Trans-Continental. Native labor will, of course, be utilized.

Over the Algerian section of the line steam or electric locomotives will be used, but the lack of water in the desert can only be met by the employment of heavy-oil Diesel engines. The trains are to be of the most luxurious type, fitted with all the artifices known to the railway engineer for helping passengers to combat extremes of heat and cold. There will be a train a day in each direction, and in six or seven years' time, perhaps earlier, we shall be able to reach Waghadugu in six days from London — Khartum takes ten — at a

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cost of about £25 first class, or £32 with sleeping-car. The French are fully alive to the possibilities the country of the Mossi and the Borgu will afford to tourists. The winter climate in that part of Africa is ideal, the Negroes are unsophisticated, and living not dear.

Of course the French do not expect the line to pay. But French writers point out that though the population for most of the route through which the railway will run is scanty there should be a good opportunity for rail to compete with steamer for the transport of merchandise. The figures have been worked out as to the respective cost, and from Waghadugu only come to about 15 per cent more for the railway, while of course farther north sea-transport is actually dearer. And passenger traffic is sure to increase as the habit of moving about grows on the natives. At present the Mossi are unused to all civilized ways, from birth-control to the use of money. Their soil is so fertile that it provides them with all they want at the cost of little labor. The railway, however, is a wonderful educator.

L'Afrique noire est une grande personne. On a besoin d'elle. We shall only understand the full significance of the Trans-Saharan Railway if we put ourselves in place of the Frenchman and see the world, or more particularly Germany, with his eyes. France has forty millions who do not increase; Germany has fifty millions who do. If the balance of Europe is to be maintained and France is not to be borne down by mere weight of numbers, she must look outside for support. In 1919 Frenchmen hoped to secure this by an Anglo-French treaty. When it fell through they turned with more determination than ever to the cementing of their African Empire.

In French Northern Africa compulsory military service had already been introduced for European and native alike. But the population of Algeria is scanty, and Frenchmen saw that they would have to look farther afield for their reserves of man power. These they have found in French West Africa. The first two Senegalese regiments were raised in 1911. Since then much has happened, and black African troops are now an integral portion of the French home army. French Equatorial Africa, though rich in other ways, is disappointing in this respect.

It was at once obvious, however, that the utility of Negro troops was much circumscribed owing to the lengthy sea-journey from their depots, and the fact that France might not necessarily have command of the sea in a future war. So when the policy of using these troops in Europe grew into an ineluctable necessity, the Trans-Saharan Railway in its turn became a fundamental strategic demand of the French General Staff. But distinguished French generals, such as General Nivelle, who was Commander-in-Chief in Algeria after he had been removed from the command on the Western Front, and General Mangin, had already foreseen what course events would take and had helped to prepare military and public opinion. Thus in 1919, when the French Government fixed the number of natives to be enrolled in the army on mobilization at close on a million, at least half of whom would come from French Western Africa, it became merely a question of years before the Trans-Saharan Railway should be completed.

Let us see how this railway would be employed in case of war. Waghadugu, which, as I pointed out in my previous article, is the capital of the most thickly populated region in Western Africa, would be the mobilization centre. The man power of Senegal, Dahomey, the

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Ivory Coast, and French Guinea would be transported on the various branch-railways which have their nodal point at Waghadugu. Thence they would be dispatched across the 2200 miles of desert and mountain, a journey that under such circumstances would take four days. The first units would, therefore, begin to assemble in Algeria on about the eighth day after mobilization, and they would be on French soil on about the tenth day. Since it is reckoned that the Trans-Saharan Railway will be able to transport thirty-five thousand men a week, a simple calculation will show how long it will take the whole of these 500,000 men to be transported to France.

This doubtless is an extravagant estimate. Though the Trans-Saharan will be well beyond the reach of any possible enemies, a single line of rail over two thousand miles long is liable to break down if too heavily worked. But after making allowances for unforeseen contingencies it is clear that when the Trans-Saharan Railway is completed France will have forged another potent military instrument.

Like all schemes, the Trans-Saharan has its weak point. It can transport the man power of Central Africa to the shores of the Mediterranean, but it cannot get them across to Marseille. The narrow but dangerous strip of water between Oran and Marseille, 535 miles in width, is at the moment the Achilles' heel of France, and so far her statesmen and generals are obviously in doubt how to protect it. With her finances already strained by her great army, it is impossible for her to keep a fleet which shall be able to ensure command of the Mediterranean in any circumstances, and of course by the Pact of Washington she is prevented from attempting this. That pact has, however, never been popular in France for this reason, and her attitude on submarines is in part a bouderie brought on by having to submit to something she really thinks unjust. Only in part, however. For, though submarines cannot at present keep away the other submarines that might send her black troops to the bottom of the Mediterranean, the weapon admittedly is still in its early stages. France has already turned to investigate the possibility of submarines that would be able to transport a thousand, two thousand, men at a time. The Germans in the last war used submersible merchant-ships. Why should not France use submersible transports in the next? This is admittedly only a tentative solution. The one thing certain is that this question of communications makes the French higher command seriously uneasy, and reflects itself in the jumpiness of French policy toward the other Latin countries.

With such commanding reasons for the immediate construction of the Trans-Saharan Railway, it is not likely that any financial arguments, even in the actual state of French finances, will be allowed to stand in the way. Regarding the cost, it is difficult to quote figures, having regard to the fluctuations of the franc and the many French departments of government concerned. Such estimates as have been given are obviously below the mark; if the Trans-Saharan were built and equipped for 1600 million francs it would be the cheapest railway ever built, even at pre-war prices. Reckoning the cost at £15,000 per mile, the total works out at some £33,000,000, and we can be sure that if the Trans-Saharan costs no more than this no money has been wasted. It may well cost half as much again. In any case France considers it a necessity, and will hardly boggle over spending the money.

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LENIN'S LAST ILLNESS

BY DOCTOR OTFRIED FOERSTER

[The following interview with the distinguished specialist, Doctor Otfried Foerster, Professor of Psychiatry and Neurology at Breslau University, who attended Lenin in his last illness, is presumably final historical testimony as to an episode that has been wrapped in more or less mystery, and around which myths are likely to accumulate in the future.]

From *Neue Freie Presse, February* 16
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

I WAS summoned to Moscow for the first time in March 1922, together with Professor Klemperer of Berlin, at the instance of the People's Commissariat, to give a general physical examination to about one hundred and fifty members of the Soviet Government, including Trotskii, Chicherin, Kamenev, Zinoviev, and Lenin. At that time I did not discover any objective signs of serious disease in Lenin. However, he exhibited indications of undervitality and isolated subjective symptoms that were premonitory of his later illness. At my advice Lenin took a vacation, and chose the estate of Gorka, some twenty miles southeast of Moscow, for his rest cure. I returned to Germany about the middle of April, but was called back to Moscow by a telegram in May, after Lenin had his first serious attack. I made the journey in an airplane.

I was asked to take complete charge of Lenin's case, and after winding up my affairs in Breslau I transferred my residence to Moscow, where I was assigned a residence belonging to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, situated on Sofia Quay on the Moscow River, opposite the Kremlin. Here I lived very comfortably until the end of September 1922.

I visited Gorka every day to see my patient, who gradually recovered, so that he was able to resume his official duties on the first of October 1922. He continued to perform them until the middle of December, and during this interval made several public speeches, one two hours long. But in December 1922 he had another attack, and I was again called back to Moscow. From that time until Lenin's death I was in Russia almost continuously. From May 1923 until Lenin expired I lived uninterruptedly at Gorka, where I occupied a charming villa next to his dwelling.

Lenin's illness was arteriosclerosis. It is not possible to say just when it began, for it is a disease that takes hold of a person very slowly and gradually. It first manifested itself late in 1921, by headaches, fatigue, and insomnia. These were the first direct symptoms of his illness. As the disease progressed it manifested itself chiefly in numerous attacks, partly of cramps and partly of paralysis of the right half of the body and the organs of speech. During the summer of 1922, as I have said, he improved decidedly, so that there were no longer any outward symptoms of his illness. The patient felt well and vigorous, and was very insistent that he be permitted to resume his duties. He rebelled bitterly against even so much as shortening his hours of work.

It was granted him, as I have said, to continue his government services

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only up to the middle of December 1922. This December attack was more serious. It left Lenin's right arm and leg permanently crippled, so that he was unable to leave his bed. Other attacks followed in quick succession, but during January and February 1923 his intellect was not affected. We have evidence of that in a series of political articles, which according to the testimony of his friends are of great importance, deal with grave issues of State, and constitute a sort of political testament.

On the ninth of March, another serious stroke completely paralyzed the right half of his body and his organs of speech. This attack was complicated by a fever, and during the months of March and April his condition caused the gravest alarm.

On March 21 an important consultation took place in which several specialists from Germany and Sweden participated, as well as the physicians regularly in attendance. Other consultations followed. Lenin's condition gradually grew better, so that early in May he was removed from the Kremlin — whither he had returned in October 1922 — to Gorka, where he remained until his death. During the summer of 1923 both his physical and mental vigor seemed to improve. He could walk with the aid of a stick, took several long drives, and on several occasions even insisted on having a gun taken with him, for he had been passionately fond of hunting when in good health. He also partially recovered his power of speech — with the assistance of his wife, who took charge of the vocal drill prescribed by the physicians — and he learned to write with his left hand. He took a lively interest in political affairs up to the last moment, and had his wife or his sister daily read him the papers and chapters from scientific works.

On January 21, 1924, about 7 P.M., Lenin was seized with an attack of cramps — premonitory symptoms of which had been appearing for some two days beforehand — which affected his respiration and ultimately caused his death. The autopsy next day verified the previous diagnosis of serious and extensive degeneration of the blood vessels of the brain. From the medical standpoint it is of special interest that, in view of the advanced state of the brain disease, the patient retained so much vigor to the end, and that his mental faculties remained so clear.

Lenin's illness was probably due to an inherited tendency, for his father died relatively young of a similar arterial disease. Undoubtedly his abnormally heavy responsibilities and duties, and the life of constant excitement he had led, decidedly encouraged the development of this predisposition. We should bear in mind that up to 1917 he had lived in almost constant exile and under continual espionage. He had performed an astonishing amount of work under great physical disadvantages. After he became virtual ruler of Russia, in 1917, he bore the burden of an uninterrupted succession of new responsibilities and difficulties. So insistent were the demands upon his time, as he himself told me, that for weeks and months he had scarcely two hours out of the twenty-four for sleep.

The very first time I saw Lenin he impressed me deeply. From that moment I was conscious of the influence of his personality. This was a spontaneous effect, for at that time I knew practically nothing of his private character and temperament. He exercised a power over others hard to define and impossible to analyze in detail, such as many great historical personalities are said to have possessed. Lenin was of

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medium stature and thickset. His movements were noticeably elastic. The attention of an anthropologist would be attracted at once to the configuration of his head: his skull was remarkably uniform, almost perfectly spherical. His eyes — sometimes calm, clear, and wide open, sometimes half closed as if to get a sharper vision of the world — sparkled with lively intelligence and had the piercing glance of a keen and competent observer of his fellow men. His countenance was marvelously expressive, never at rest, and always alive with intense thought and powerful emotion.

Lenin showed me personally the greatest kindness and consideration. He and his sister seemed almost tenderly interested in my comfort. I had the feeling from the first that I was dealing with him as man to man. That sense of distance which is so apt to chill intercourse with a person of his prominence and position never manifested itself in the slightest. He showed me the utmost confidence from the beginning. I shall never forget the affecting joy with which he greeted me — in the midst of his painful illness — when I returned to Russia in May 1923, after a short absence in Germany, and appeared at his bedside.

Lenin had very simple tastes. He was intensely averse to pomp and show. When I came to him at Gorka, in May 1922, after his first attack, I found him lying in bed in the tiny, poorly lighted bedchamber of a summer house, and I had to urge upon him rather strenuously that the hygienic conditions and comfort of his surroundings were of the utmost importance for his recovery before I could persuade him to remove from this little cottage to rooms in the larger and more luxurious manor-house. And during the later stages of his illness, when he spent most of his time at Gorka, he still insisted on returning, even at crises of his disease, to the modest little house, — moved by some indefinable impulse rather than calm reasoning, — and would stay there for days at a time. During the frequent physical examinations that were necessary, he never would permit the doctor to give him the slightest assistance in disrobing. When his right side became permanently paralyzed, in December 1922, and he was completely bedridden, it took all the argument and persuasion imaginable to induce him to have a nurse. Later, when he could not move his right arm at all, he did everything he could for himself with his left hand, and almost never asked for assistance. His whole idea in life was to serve others, not to let others serve him. His tastes in the matter of food were of the simplest kind conceivable. One of his favorite dishes was buckwheat porridge — what we call black grits.

The most salient characteristics of Lenin were his indomitable energy and will-power. No doubt these qualities explain his political success. When he had once set a goal before himself, he steered straight toward it until he had reached it. He exhibited this same iron will in his fight against disease, even after his right side was paralyzed and he had lost the power of speech and the ability to read and write. During the last six months of his life he set his mind upon recovering both these faculties, and he made such progress that when he died his physicians were completely deceived as to the extent to which certain brain-tissues had degenerated.

The tenacity and strength of his will were not the only reasons for Lenin's success. I should say his genius lay rather in a combination of untiring energy with a marvelous capacity to accommodate himself to circumstances. Lenin was no rigid doctrinarian, no theorist, but a resourceful,

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practical man, who adjusted his tactics to the occasion without losing sight of his ultimate objective, who saw at once what could and could not be done, and who, when he found an obstacle insurmountable, never rested until he discovered a path around it. Anyone who studies the tremendous events that occurred in Russia in 1917 will be impressed first of all by the extremely short time it took to materialize the purely theoretical doctrines of Karl Marx into a practical, progressive programme — Leninism. I think that this is explained by the fact that Vladimir Ilyich Ulianov was perhaps more perfectly attuned to the world-conscience than any other man.

The day after his death I witnessed one of the most tremendous and solemn acts of homage history records. Lenin's body lay embalmed in a room of the house where he had died. His comrades from Moscow and peasants from the nearer and remoter villages kept arriving by hundreds, and formed a continuous procession of mourners past his bier.

Early Wednesday morning his closest friends, accompanied by the members of his family and thousands of reverent admirers, carried the body from the house where he had died to the local railway-station, and from the Moscow station to Trades-Union Hall in that city.

During this last stage of the journey, which took nearly an hour, an endless column of people followed the coffin in silent, orderly procession. The body remained at Trades-Union Hall until early Sunday morning. Literally millions of people passed the bier in an unbroken file day and night during the following four days, although the temperature was well below zero. Men and women, old folk and children, the whole and the maimed, people from every section of the United Soviet Republics and wearing every conceivable garb, thus paid their last reverent respects to their departed leader.

Saturday afternoon memorial addresses were delivered at the great Moscow Theatre. The most affecting words spoken were those of Nadejda Constantinovna Krupskaia, the wife of the deceased. Sunday afternoon at exactly four o'clock the body, after lying in state at the Red Square since early morning, was lowered to its final resting-place to the wailing of the sirens of all the factories in Moscow and the dull roar of distant artillery.

Since returning to Germany I have often been asked what was the most characteristic feature of Lenin's funeral. My answer is that popular mourning began Tuesday evening in Gorka, that it continued in Moscow until 4 P.M. Sunday, and that it still continues. Even to-day long processions of pilgrims are constantly passing through the Red Square and the vault where Lenin's embalmed body is still in public view. What form does this mourning take? The form of a quiet, reverent procession — a stillness that is more eloquent than words. I had many unforgettable experiences during my two years in Russia, but nothing impressed me so much as the mourning of the people at Lenin's death.

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RECOGNITION IN INTERNATIONAL LAW

BY A LEGAL CORRESPONDENT

From the *Economist, February* 23
(London Financial and Commercial Weekly)

The disturbed condition of international order during the past decade has given a fresh importance to the various kinds of recognition which are known in international law, so that it may be useful to examine some of the principal varieties of recognition and their consequences. Recognition is essentially an act of policy, but it has important legal consequences and, when too long delayed or too precipitately granted, may have serious political consequences. We shall deal with the subject under three headings: Recognition of Belligerency, Recognition of New States, Recognition of New Governments.

Recognition of Belligerency need not detain us for long. It occurs when upon the occasion of an insurrection the Government of the parent State or, more frequently, of some third State accords the status of belligerents to the insurgent community. Its principal effect as regards third States granting recognition of belligerency is that from that moment the normal rules of war as between a belligerent and a neutral State come into operation, and the insurgent community may exercise, as against the subjects of the third State, the belligerent rights of visit and search upon the high seas, and of capture and condemnation for breach of blockade, the carriage of contraband, and unneutral service.

Readers of the Life of Sir William Harcourt will remember that it is to this question that the famous letters of 'Historicus' to the *Times*, which established Harcourt's reputation as an international lawyer, were mainly directed. The Government of the Confederate States in 1861 sent a mission to London to ask Earl Russell to recognize them as an independent State. This he very properly declined to do, but granted them recognition of belligerency as they were waging a war both by land and by sea, and President Lincoln had already proclaimed a blockade of the coasts of the Confederate States. This grant of recognition of belligerency was for many years complained of by the Federal Government as an unfriendly act, but largely owing to the powerful reasoning of 'Historicus' this view did not gain general acceptance throughout the world.

It is usually stated that when an insurgent community has an organized though provisional Government, is in effective control of territory, and is waging war in accordance with the recognized rules for the conduct of war, a third State who or whose subjects are likely to be affected by the hostilities can, without any unfriendliness to the parent State and without expressing approval of the insurrection, grant recognition of the belligerency. An unusual instance occurred in 1918, when the Allied and Associated Powers recognized the belligerency of the National Council of the Czechoslovaks, which, located in Paris and operating through three armies in France, in Italy, and in Siberia, was in control of no territory at all.

Recognition of a New State is recogni-

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tion by one or more existing States that a new State has emerged and become a member of the family of nations. It can occur in a number of ways — as, for instance, by publishing a declaration of recognition, by receiving or sending an ambassador, by a treaty declaring and establishing the independence of the new State. In 1918 and 1919 the Succession States of the Russian and Austro-Hungarian Empires were recognized as new States. Thus, by Article 817 of the Treaty of Versailles, 'Germany, in conformity with the action already taken by the Allied and Associated Powers, recognizes the complete independence of Poland.'

Recognition of New Governments of Existing States. — This is perhaps the most troublesome and controversial of all the varieties of recognition.

(*a*) The existence of a State is something quite apart from the continued existence of any particular form of government which it may have adopted. Changes from a monarchy to a republic or from a republic to an oligarchy, while momentarily interrupting the intercourse of a State with its neighbors, do not affect its existence as a State. When such changes occur, it is necessary that any other State consenting to or desiring diplomatic intercourse with it should recognize the new Government as the duly appointed organ of the State it professes to govern. Once that recognition is granted, all the attributes of sovereignty are at the same time conceded to the new Government, whose official acts henceforth become conclusive and inexaminable in the courts of the recognizing State. Thus, three years ago, as soon as the British Government recognized the Soviet Government as the de facto Government of Russia, the Court of Appeal was bound to hold, as was held in the Sagor case, that an importer of 'nationalized' timber bought in Russia of the Soviet Government and shipped to England had acquired a good title to it, and could not be proceeded against by the Russian company to whom the timber belonged before 'nationalization.' The Court of Appeal was precluded by de facto recognition from questioning the avowedly official acts of the Soviet Government in confiscating the timber and selling it, and moreover felt bound to hold that the effect of recognition was retrospective, and related back to the date when they established themselves as the de facto rulers of Russia.

(*b*) It is a misapprehension to think that recognition of a new Government is essential to the legality of trade between the subjects of the two States. Trade with the subjects of an unrecognized Government is not to be likened to trading with the enemy. It is perfectly lawful, but, inasmuch as your Government has no official representatives in the country with which you are trading, you have not the same guaranty against unfair treatment by judicial or other State officials. It seems quite a fair assumption to make that the grant of full recognition to a new Government will stimulate trading-relations between the two countries, but that is not because until then trade has been unlawful.

(*c*) The effect of recognition being a resumption of official intercourse, numerous political and commercial treaties, which during the suspension of diplomatic intercourse have been in abeyance, become once more operative. As the Prime Minister indicated in his recent note to Russia, it is desirable, having regard to the lapse of time, and to the changed circumstances, to overhaul our existing treaties with that country, and consider how far they are suitable to the new circumstances.

(*d*) The political difference between de jure recognition and de facto recognition is very considerable, and it is

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hardly to be expected that there should exist any active fostering of trade or any cordial relationships between two countries when the Government of one had merely recognized de facto the Government of the other. As a recent writer to the press has pointed out, 'It is rather hard to see what the recognition of a new Government as de jure adds to recognition as de facto, unless it be the judgment of the recognizing Power that no adverse claim remains outstanding, or one which need be seriously regarded for any practical purpose.' It is in that assurance and in the guaranty implicit in it — that we have definitely abandoned our former policy of subsidizing attempts to overthrow the Soviet Government of Russia — that the chief value of our recent de jure recognition seems to lie.

We have been busy during the past few weeks in the matter of recognition. In January we granted recognition to the Government formed by M. Venizelos, after having withheld recognition from the Revolutionary Government which adopted the deplorable practice of executing cabinet ministers in November 1922. In February we granted de jure recognition to 'the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, as the de jure rulers of those territories of the old Russian Empire which acknowledge their authority.' Having granted that recognition, it seems to follow from the concession of the attributes of sovereignty thereby involved that it will be difficult not to accept the assertion of the Soviet Government as to the extent of such territories. In other respects, too, our note contains unconventional language, and makes the reader feel that it would have been more regular to clear up several outstanding points before instead of after granting recognition. Finally, the month of March seems likely to see the recognition of the Obregón Government of Mexico, whose claim to be recognized is certainly much improved by our new Russian policy.

THE IMMORTALS OBJECT

BY ERNST FELIX TSCHUDI

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, January* 21
(Swiss Liberal Republican Daily)

The International Modern Dance Composers Society was holding its annual assembly in the Jazzband Hotel in the city of Irgendwostadt. During the course of the official proceedings several highly interesting addresses had been delivered, which dealt with the special purposes of the Society. A prominent member had expressed his hope that in the dance-music of the future some hitherto unknown but highly effective musical instruments which he had discovered by chance in a Negro shimmy-chapel, during a journey of investigation in the interior of Africa, would come into more general use. In addition, the Society had decided to establish a prize competition for a new and more effective final measure for the fox-trot, because the customary old

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tàm, ta-ta, tàm-tam, tà-tam, ta-tàm had begun to wear out. A composer from Argentina complained bitterly of the English neglect of the tango and proposed — every other effort to popularize this dance in England having failed because of the conservative spirit of this race of islanders — that during the next dancing-season tango compositions should be sent out from English broadcasting-stations, in order to force the dance on the public.

The list of addresses had been finished and the President rose to say a word of farewell. Some impatient and thirsty members had already left their seats and were on their way to the American bar, when suddenly a crackling sound from the rattle which the President used instead of the customary gavel of earlier days called them back from their goal and forced them to return to their seats. A telegram, the first glance at which obviously bewildered the President, had just been handed to him by a chauffeur; and, his astonishment only increasing as he got further into the text, he had decided to communicate his amazement to the members before the official session closed.

When the big hall had once more grown completely quiet, the President rose and, after another glance at the contents of the dispatch, addressed the assembly as follows: —

'Ladies and gentlemen: although I am quite aware that the time has come to close our session and begin dinner, I am compelled to ask the indulgence of our honorable members for a few minutes longer. This telegram, which has just been received from the Marconi radio station, is worded in such an extraordinary way, and comes from such an incredible source, that I feel compelled to read it at once.

'You will understand my amazement when I tell you its point of origin. The dispatch was filed last Sunday evening at the telegraph office in the Milky Way in Heaven (murmur and astonishment through the hall), and is signed by the following persons: Johannes Brahms, Edvard Grieg, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Anton Rubinstein, Franz Schubert.

'I see from the surprise in your faces that, like myself, you have never heard of any of these names; and yet — from the very first moment it seemed to me that I had heard one of them somewhere; and I remember now that on the title-page of a book of music that once belonged to my grandmother I once read the name of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. This leads me to believe that he — and quite probably the other gentlemen as well — belongs to that curious group of old composers whom we call "the classic school," all of whom, of course, died long ago. I shall not keep you waiting for the telegram any longer, but shall read it at once.'

With these words, which threw the whole assembly into the highest pitch of expectancy, the President lifted the telegraphic blank and began to read. The dispatch ran as follows: —

Milky Way Telegraph Station, Heaven
INTERNATIONAL MODERN DANCE COMPOSERS SOCIETY
Jazzband Hotel, Irgendwostadt

We, the undersigned five composers, herewith enter formal protest against the desecrating use of our divine music for fox-trots, ragtime, and so forth.

We have, perhaps, no right to broach the question whether modern dance-music can properly be called music at all, or whether it is a mere concoction of noises. It may be quite appropriate to the decadence of your age. The memory, however, of the beautiful dances to which we devoted ourselves in the bygone days when we were on earth compels us to look with

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regret on the path which dance-music has since followed.

The chief object of our message is to protest against the theft and desecration to which our works have been subjected. In order to protect our own dignity, we find ourselves at length compelled to give expression to our dissatisfaction and to warn you against further offenses. These are the crimes of which your members have been guilty: —

Among modern dance-orchestras the custom — and a very bad custom it is — has grown up of playing the Fifth Hungarian Dance of Herr Johannes Brahms as a fox-trot. It stirs the depths of the soul to hear this delightful little dance shattered by banjos and punctuated by the clacking and shrieking of jazz instruments. It is enough to make a Hungarian, in sheer despair, howl himself — if he did not have the blessed recourse of flight.

Other jazz bands delight to play Ase's Death from the Peer Gynt suite of Herr Edvard Grieg as a syncopated shimmy; and without the faintest sign of compunction they have added effective accents to these profoundly melancholy strains by introducing strokes of the gong and blasts from the trombone, besides accelerating the tempo.

Among the dances that met with the greatest success in your last season was one called When the Leaves Come Tumbling Down. The composer has been lucky enough to remember the Spring Song from Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's Songs without Words and made use of this melody for his popular hit. No wonder his newest creation was such a success.

These three examples are enough to show you how much is amiss in your modern dance-music; but we have still further grounds for complaint. In your dance-halls one often hears a wonderful dance called the Boston, which can be unmasked as nothing more than Herr Anton Rubinstein's Melody in F, with its two-four time transformed into three-four. Many of your dancers have been delighted with the lovely introduction to the fox-trot called Romany Love, without the least suspicion that this comes, note for note, from Fránz Schubert's Moment Musical. Good old Franz himself would never have dreamed that his work might one day be twisted into a fox-trot. It takes a fair share of shamelessness to do our work over into dance-melodies and give it out as a product of your own brains. . . .

At this point it became absolutely impossible for the President to read further, for he was interrupted by hisses, hoots, and catcalls which were loudest in the corner of the room where the American composers had their seats, and where the shrieks and whistles and howls of protest reached a deafening pitch.

In vain did the President strive, by a despairing clatter with his rattle, to restore quiet. There was nothing left for him but to bring the session to an immediate close.

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A MEETING OF THE ARTEL

BY A. SERGEEV

[*This article describes a storage and moving* artel, *or coöperative society, so-called from the Tatar words* artak, *comradeship, and* artakle, *common people. These societies are centuries old, and are true coöperative associations, where each member takes an equal share in the work, receives an equal share of the income, and is equally responsible for the conduct of his associates. No member works outside the artel, and no labor is hired by it. These societies work by contract, eliminating the middlemen entirely, and are peculiar to Russia. They were distrusted by the Tsar as centres of radicalism, and distrusted by the Bolsheviki as centres of reaction. The Communists are trying to amalgamate the artel with the trades-unions, to which the artels are decidedly opposed, for they do not engage in politics or strikes.*]

From *Moscow Pravda, November* 1
(Official Bolshevist Daily)

A group of young artel-men came to solicit some assistance from public opinion.

'Come, please, to our meeting, a meeting of the Moscow Partnership of Responsible Labor. We appear to be sitting in a mire: it is impossible to step either forward or backward with the old-timers — our bosses — holding the whip hand over the artel.'

At the entrance to the meeting-hall a rigid watch is kept. Only those are allowed to enter who have a ticket specially printed for the occasion. A reporter's credential evokes a lively commotion.

'Well, then, you have no special permit?'

'No. Why, is not a reporter's certificate enough?'

'Well, well, what should we do now?' is heard from the doorkeepers.

'To George Vasil'evich — to George Vasil'evich — take him to Sarafanov!' commands a voice, and the doorkeepers pass the reporter along their line to Sarafanov, the chairman and imposing boss of the artel.

The members are gathering slowly. Their mass is solid, stocky, immovable; it smells of close air and the darkness of storage-rooms, of wares, and of money safes. Caps and pea-jackets come one after the other; bottle-like boots step self-assuredly; bold boys with hair smoothed and shining with icon-lamp oil arrive; bushy beards, and heads combed down hard until they resemble balls, come and still come.

Each step and each turn is expressive of strong self-confidence and business dignity. There is no hurry about anything. Meditatively and solidly is each step made up the stairway. *Sibirkas*, *podevkas*, and *chuikas* — various kinds of coats — when either sitting or sneezing are always, as it were, executing serious business. Capital has created among these people an atmosphere of solid faith in their storage-houses and business activities. These sturdy people are true bodyguards of his majesty capital, the bearers of faith and trust in it.

The opposing youths have weakly attempted to organize their ranks, to get and hold together. They seem entirely to lack experience and the knowledge of methods used in organization work, which as yet is limited by them to conversations and the collection of followers.

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The designated hour of the meeting has passed long since and the artel-men are still coming in numbers. Their gathering takes more than two hours. Acquaintances, when meeting, clasp one another's hands for several minutes and bow all around. At the speaker's place have collected the big guns of the artel, the so-to-speak foundation layers. Here predominate grogram caps and sibirkas of a special cut, which are characteristic of the artel trade world — a species of flour-shop dandyism belonging only to this sphere. The artel bosses, with their paunches magnificently expanded, are standing behind the speaker's chair as though behind a counter or cash register. They are either talking significantly to one another or seriously looking into some papers, seeing at the same time everything that is going on around them. There is no sudden excited move, nothing to betray their solid dignity. Only sometimes, in the grandest moment, habit asserts itself. A monumental boss with a convex front, reminding one of an idol, quickly puts his hand into a pocket, throws several sunflower seeds into his mouth, and, having cleverly cracked them, spits out their empty shells.

In the thick crowd with its thick smell there flash now and then some women's figures. See, one has grown tired of sitting long with nothing to do. Throwing her hat on the chair, she hurries to the door to find 'something to chew.' A sedate, thoughtful, brave lad without delay throws himself on the lady's hat on the chair.

'Oh, please, you are on the hat! A lady is sitting there!' complains a woman on the next chair.

'What of that? A lady! It makes no difference to my back whether it is a lady or wood. I have no eyes in my back,' the youth cleverly excuses himself.

The artel-leaders are gathering about their sharpshooter, presumably — the 'Red director' of the Kalinkin brewery, Syrov. Clever Syrov seemingly is liked by them for the reason that, while being an artel-man, he has succeeded at the same time in becoming a Red director, which means that he is a great fellow.

At last the meeting is opened by Sarafanov, who proposes that they elect a chairman, for some reason, from ten candidates whom he names. The opposing youths attempt to put forward their candidate, but their lack of organization appears at once, and the bosses, who do not fail to take advantage of their opponents' weakness, succeed in electing Syrov to the position.

'Wrong, wrong, wrong! Down with Syrov!' scream the young artel-men.

'Get out! Keep still! Correct!' shout the old artel-men. 'Hooligans!'

'I will take strong measures!' angrily threatens Syrov, pointing his finger at the opposition. 'Nikolai Ivanovich, throw that fellow out!'

Nikolai Ivanovich, a sedate, bearded artel-man, spreading his moustache and looking like an angry cat, goes in the direction indicated by the speaker to throw out the rioter. But, confused, he soon returns and reports something to the speaker.

'This cannot be tolerated. This — this —' Syrov shouts chokingly. 'Instead of leaving the hall he makes faces at the speaker!' Putting his bent fingers to his nose he shows what sort of face was made at him.

The meeting is in an uproar for some time. Each side accuses the other of all the deadly sins. At last a Red militiaman appears on the stage and quiet and order are restored.

Sarafanov reads a report for the last fiscal year, 1922. He knows his audience. In the rôle of a bosom friend he begs them to judge him by what he has

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done for the benefit of the artel. He knows there has been much squandering of money and other shortcomings, but this is not the point. The main thing is whether the artel is flourishing. But how can there be any flourishing in the face of such relentless, wolfish competition between artels and artel-men? He, Sarafanov, caring for and worrying over the artel, knows that within the artel has appeared a movement for amalgamation with the trades-unions. He himself, God knows, is not against the trades-unions. The whole situation is just this: the Soviet Government wants to amalgamate all artels with trades-unions in order that, instead of a large guaranty payment to artel-men, the amalgamated unions of responsible labor would be insured in the Gosstrakh — state insurance office — against losses and thefts. This is, indeed, a good plan. But . . .

'You must consider, comrades,' Sarafanov is tickling the nerves of his hearers, 'what then will happen to our capital, to our democratic elections and administration, to our century-old order within the artel, to our independence.

'We are proud that there has been no other organization so strong materially during the present chaos as the artel!' shouts Sarafanov with pathos. 'Have we not deserved from the Soviet Government —' he hesitates and is long searching for a suitable expression — 'the reputation of honest contractors?'

For a long time Sarafanov rolls on. Tears and anger, piety and atonement, obedience and disobedience — all sound forth at once from out his breast. His eloquence has been acquired by long reading of Bible verses.

At last finishing his oratory, Sarafanov, with a deep bow, majestically leaves the platform under the caressing applause of almost the entire audience.

Seeing that the fire of criticism has been put out, the opposition paralyzed and beaten, Syrov orders the reading of all reports without debate. Why, there is no need of that!

The report of the auditing committee, the report on the meeting of the delegates, the report of the committee on unemployment, all sound like touching panegyrics for the artel administration. About the numerous cases of squandering of money, which losses the artel had to make good, about those guilty of this squandering, about penalties and investigations, not a word. Only when Kalugin steps upon the platform to make a report on unemployment does almost all the audience begin to boil and express indignation.

'Down with Kalugin! Down with the swindler! Down!'

But it is not easy to disturb Kalugin, who was indicted in a prominent swindling case at Kursk about a year ago. As if not seeing or hearing anything, he continues his praise of Sarafanov, Syrov, and Company, and quite happily finishes his report.

Even the supporters of the administration are roused by such ease of manner. Pestin, a deputy, mounts the platform and, spreading his hands, declares, 'How smoothly things run according to all the reports — so smoothly that one grows uneasy against his will. But as to our entrance into the trades-unions, the artel might indeed sacrifice the interests of certain persons without special harm to itself. It is not too late as yet to enter the trades-unions.'

The impression of such an introduction is deep. An uneasy mood appears, which the administration attempts to dispel by pushing upon the platform one of its own men to talk. He speaks long and with indignation of 'the persons who are sowing seeds of discord and riot in the artel. Why?'

'The Norkomtrud — People's Commissar of Labor — has refused to allow us as nepmen — New Economic Policy

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men, or private tradesmen — to enter trades-unions,' the speaker states hotly. 'He does not understand the nature of the artel-men, who long before the Soviet Government existed introduced in the artels "the communistic order."' He breathes heavily, is indignant, and brings forth arguments from everywhere. 'I ask you, why did the capitalists trust their capital to us?' he shouts almost hysterically.

Taking a large pitcher of water, he pours the liquid directly into his burning mouth. He drinks long and deeply, meanwhile straightening himself up to his full height as if he were blowing into the pitcher.

The audience is again under the whip hand of the bosses, when an opposition speaker attempts to explain that the artel was refused permission to enter the trades-union because it was ruled by typical exploiters of labor. When the speaker attempts to read an article written in 1912 which characterizes Sarafanov as a clever boss, shielding persons guilty of squandering artel money, the audience, in defense of its main boss and bread-giver, transforms itself into a veritable babel, not allowing the man either to speak or to read.

The younger artel-men, just called 'hooligans,' the gray *chuikas*, crouching down almost to the floor, let out a bear roar: 'Uuu — gugugu — ooo!'

During the noise, hubbub, howling, whistling, the speaker is led away by a militiaman and there appears again the harmony of a single power.

A sickly, small man with a small, tangled beard mounts the platform and like an angry toy dog begins to bark: 'See — noise — chaos — but — Why? — What are these trades-unions? — Have n't we been there? — No need of them. — We know. — When we needed — a piece of bread — to whom did we go? — To the trades-unions? — No! — To George Vasil'evich — to our benefactor. — We should thank — the administration. — It feeds us — cares — Yes —'

'Good behavior,' according to one speaker, has appeared at last, and the meeting is ended by their almost singing: 'Long live the administration!'

The beaten younger element sits helpless and discouraged, as if spat upon.

'Nothing can be done here. It 's an age-old mire,' states one in a low voice to me. 'You saw yourself what a menagerie. They have grown up around the business men's money safes on a chain like wolfhounds.'

The impression is really a deep one. A typical 'kingdom of ignorance,' bodyguard of capital.

'To let the Gosstrakh loose upon them!' dreams a lad.

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BAXTERIANA

BY J. C. SQUIRE

[*Mr. J. C. Squire is more familiar as poet and critic than as writer of fiction. The present story is one of a series of 'Grub Street Nights,' now appearing in the* Mercury, *the most brilliant of the London literary monthlies, of which Mr. Squire is editor.*]

From the *London Mercury, February*
(Literary Monthly)

Mrs. Hawke and her daughter Albinia amused themselves in their own way. They liked theatres, dances, and supper parties. Albinia, at her usually early and hasty dinner, babbled to Dad about hotels he had never entered and young men he had never seen. The family were on perfect terms, and neither his wife nor his daughter had ever asked Eustace Hawke to go to a dance. No: he would kiss them both, help them on with their wraps, give them his blessing as they scuttled out to the car, and then he would retire to the top of the house. There was his study, quiet, secluded, warm, with regiments of books, a comfortable arm-chair, a reading-lamp, a box of cigars, and a jolly log-fire. And there, the day's work at his chambers put clean out mind, he would settle down to his literary hobbies.

The chief of these was the life and works of Robert Baxter; and there was certainly nothing abnormal in that. Thousands of others shared it, lawyers, doctors, parsons, literary men, tradesmen, wherever the English language was spoken: and the fact that it gave him a masonic connection with so large and widespread a community was to Hawke one of its incidental charms. He liked the monthly dinners of the Baxter Club, the annual pilgrimages to Baxter's birthplace, the quotations from Baxter that he heard on the lips of politicians and other commonplace people. He enjoyed the little monographs on the aspects of Baxter, Baxter's residences and travels, Baxter's bibliography, Baxter at Cambridge, Baxter's friends, which are continually peeping out from the press in England and America. He liked contributing occasionally to the odd little periodical called *Baxteriana* which an enthusiast at Nottingham conducted, and he liked getting letters about his contributions. Grubbing for unimportant and unprofitable facts in a great writer's life was a relaxation after the hard and uncongenial work of the day, and miscellaneous reading was all the more amusing when anything he encountered, event or opinion, might be related to the one great theme of his hero.

For, though Hawke was always reticent about his deepest thoughts, Baxter certainly was his hero. His interest in Baxter was more than that of a mere collector or critic; his hobby-horse was more than a toy. Like many men externally dry and worldly-wise, he had a deep faculty for reverence, and he revered the memory of Robert Baxter. To him Baxter was not merely a great man and a great writer, but a teacher whose sagacity never failed and a character the fine rectitude of whose responses could never be questioned. Though Baxter had died before

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Hawke was born, he felt that he knew and loved him better than any human being. He expanded and mellowed in the society of his Baxterian cronies, for he knew that they shared his feelings. Often, when he was sitting by himself, some phrase in Baxter's essays or letters, humorous and humane, or magnificently resolute in its clear morality, would make him rest his book on his knee, and stare with a rapt expression into the fire. He was thus engaged, one foggy evening in November, when there came a knock at the door. 'Damn!' he said under his breath; but aloud, 'Come in!'

The parlor maid entered. 'Mr. Atkins is below, sir, and would like to see you.'

'Why on earth did n't you bring him up?' asked Mr. Hawke, a little roughly.

Edith flushed: 'I told him I would see if you were in, sir,' she said.

'I'm sorry, Edith,' said Mr. Hawke. 'Quite right. Bring him up.'

Mr. Hawke glanced at the whiskey tray and resigned himself to a spoiled evening. Atkins was, no doubt, the son of an old friend, and he wished him well at the Bar. It was also true that he had told the boy to come in whenever he liked in the evenings; but why would people take polite remarks so literally? Three visits in three months was absurdly excessive on the part of a youth who had nothing in common with him, and who did not even seem to enjoy himself when he came. Footsteps approached up the stairs. A knock. 'Mr. Atkins.' There stood that superior and not very able young man, with his smooth fair hair, his small fair moustache, his expression, half-sulky, half-supercilious. 'Come in, Atkins,' said the host, 'I'd been hoping you might drop in.'

Mr. Atkins condescended to a whiskey. Once more it was not clear why he had come, though he surely must like to come; once more Mr. Hawke took pains to make him talk. He asked him about his work; he had got one or two small cases on circuit, but his hopes, fears, and ambitions were unfathomable. Questions about his family educed the usual answer: 'Oh, they're all right as far as I know.' Questions of the gossipy kind about people elicited two kinds of answer. If he knew the person mentioned, he said, 'Oh, yes, I know him,' as though that dealt with that. If he did not know the person, he said, 'No, I don't know him,' thereby dismissing the person, possibly very eminent and old enough to be his grandfather, into some limbo of insignificant shades. 'He is my guest,' reflected Mr. Hawke after he had had once more to abandon the kindly hypothesis that Mr. Atkins was merely shy in the presence of an older man.

It was late in the evening, and Mr. Hawke had begun to hope that his young exquisite was about to go, when Mr. Atkins saw fit to notice the book which his host had laid open, face downward, on the little table between them. 'Ah, Baxter,' he remarked with a slight lift of the eyebrows, 'a nice lot he was.'

'He happens to be my favorite author,' replied Mr. Hawke, with some coldness, very deliberately knocking a long ash from his cigar.

'A pleasant customer, all the same,' said Mr. Atkins. 'Perhaps you have n't seen those letters?'

'I think,' said Mr. Hawke stiffly, 'that I have read every letter of his that has ever been printed.'

'Oh, I don't think the ones I mean will be printed,' said Atkins, with a wintry smile. 'There might,' he remarked, with a faint titter, 'be trouble with the police.' Mr. Hawke sprang round in his chair. 'What the devil

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do you mean by it?' he asked fiercely.

The young man appeared a little alarmed. 'I did n't mean to shock you, sir,' he said, dropping his affectation of impassivity, 'but I did n't know you would take it so seriously. I did n't suppose you 'd know really. It's only a week or two ago that Bertie Fynes got hold of them.'

'Them? What?'

'The letters,' said the youth, a little pleased at the sensation he had made, though surprised at its nature. He relapsed into his own phraseology. 'Thick is n't the word for them. I've never seen anything like them. What an old hypocrite!'

Hawke rose to his feet, suppressing his heat with difficulty. He stood with his back to the fire and looked sternly down at his guest. 'I suppose you are hardly to be expected to know,' he said, 'that you are defaming the memory of one of the noblest of men, and I won't suggest that you are consciously telling a revolting falsehood. I can only presume that Fynes has imposed on you with a disgusting practical joke.'

Atkins flushed, began a sentence angrily, checked himself, looked at his feet, and said surlily: 'How did I know you were going to take it like this? Anyhow, I've seen the letters.'

'I did n't say you had n't seen something,' retorted Hawke. 'You've seen some filthy forgeries or other. I can't think Fynes does n't know better, even if you don't. It's simply appalling when men of his standing lend themselves to things of this sort. I won't hear another word about it!'

Atkins's mouth curled for an instant in an obstinate smile. He controlled himself. 'I'm sorry,' he said, 'let's change the subject. May I help myself to another drink?'

Hawke nodded coldly. Then he too pulled himself together and resumed polite conversation. In another ten minutes the young man, with an exaggerated surprise as his eye caught the clock, professed an urgent obligation to go, and went.

Hawke's anger simmered down. He told himself to forget the episode. It took all sorts to make a world; fools like Atkins and insensitives like Fynes; no great man's reputation had escaped foul aspersions from his degraded inferiors, and even Baxter, unsullied though his memory had for so long apparently been, could not hope to escape the general fate. He invited such attack less than most eminent men; his honesty was so evident, his noblest words and acts expressed with such humor and humility, he was so manly, so hearty, so sociable, so tolerant to weaknesses that he did not share, that the most vicious and jealous had been constrained to let him alone. He could not be expected to escape altogether; but slander against Baxter bore its own contradiction on the face of it, and the best thing his devotees could do was to let it alone, dismissing it with the brief, frank, contemptuous description that would have contented Baxter himself had he heard it. His whole life was on record in Pickersgill's great biography, a life of public service, of innocent private enjoyment, of deep spiritual experience, in which for months at a time every hour of the great humanist's waking existence could be counted and shared.

The aspersion was as absurd as it was monstrous; whatever record came to light, Baxter could never be shamed. A vision of the rugged, kindly old face, so familiar in a hundred portraits, came back to Hawke, as he mused by his dying fire. Yes, it was preposterous! If Fynes was hardly capable of so vile a fraud himself, he must have a morbid side to him, hitherto unsus-

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pected, which, in this regard, had betrayed him into a gullibility equally uncharacteristic of him. Some low creature had imposed on him with a forgery for the sake of getting money out of him. Hawke went to bed; the family would come in later. Several times that night he woke up.

Yet Fynes was an intelligent, an unusually acute, man; a man less likely than most to be taken in, as shrewd as he was self-controlled. The thought kept on recurring to Mr. Hawke during the few days that followed Atkins's call. He would impatiently thrust it aside and then it would return, like a creeping spider that a man brushes off his clothes. When he was hard at work in his chambers, in pauses of the conversation at family meals, in bed especially when all was quiet except for the passing cabs; it returned again and again, with unpleasant insistence. In the daytime it was comparatively easy to deal with; it could be ignored. At night, when the imagination will pursue strange paths and almost any wild horror seems possible in a universe so vague and so dark, it would not be driven away.

The first time that an inner voice whispered to Mr. Hawke, 'Suppose it is all true?' his flesh crept, his hair tingled, and he reproached himself in an agony of shame. The voice came again and again, insinuating like the serpent in the garden, extending the sphere of its corruption like the maggot in the apple, until he had become so accustomed to it that he began to reflect upon its argument, each time going further and further before abusing himself as a beast and roughly pushing his thoughts away.

Suppose it was all true? Might it not be all true? Had not every man's nature unexplored depths? Was any man's life really known to his fellows? Had we not all things to hide? Was n't it possible that every one of the friends whom he most unreservedly admired led a secret life which was concealed beneath an open face and a façade of morality and good works? Could he swear that in any single case there was no furtive indulgence which would horrify the world if exposed, that in any cupboard there was no skeleton? Were not men such enigmas that anything might be true about them? Had he not heard hushed-up stories about some of the most reputable? Might there not be reserves behind the confessions of even the most candid of them, a St. Augustine or a Rousseau, depths beyond depths? Was not the brute in every man tugging at the chain? Who could promise that it should never break its bars, never escape for some terrible excursion?

Again and again the questions returned. He had thought he knew everything there was to be known about Baxter; he would have gone bail for Baxter even had every other 'worthy' on the roll come to the test and failed. Yet could he be sure? Baxter might have gone through seventy years of life concealing the evil side of his nature; many of his moods of depression might be traceable to that, much of his confident judgment of others to a perverted desire to compensate, in a way, for his own derelictions. Suppose he were bad all through; that all his tolerance of the sinner as well as all his intolerance of the sin was the fruit of a devilish irony which none had ever penetrated, a sustained mocking joke which he never allowed anyone to share!

Hawke's mind groped through endless dark corridors full of bats and crawling things; then retreated in horror at its own ill pursuits. One page from Baxter's essays, one sentence from his recorded conversation, one recol-

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lection of the eyes and voice and gestures that were as familiar as those of a living friend, and the thing seemed impossible again.

Hawke grew more and more unhappy. His life was poisoned. He cursed Atkins for breaking in on his peace; he cursed Fynes for a gloating fiend; he cursed himself for a vacillating traitor. Yet no sooner had he called himself a traitor than the quiet voice resumed its acid argument: 'No, not a traitor — a coward. You think it may be true, and you won't face it.' He would reply that the mere assent to an investigation of so foul a charge was treachery to his hero's memory; Baxter himself would never have persuaded himself thus or wavered thus in an old allegiance. 'Sophistry, sophistry,' came the reply, reiterated until he had no longer the strength to resist it. 'You know in your heart that you are deceiving yourself, that you are being a coward for comfort's sake.'

About a week after the beginning of his trouble this word 'comfort' came so clearly into his head that he could not help a grim smile. For if he was a coward for comfort's sake, it was a poor sort of comfort he was now enjoying. He was both miserable and restless. He could not work properly, read properly, or sleep properly; he was brusque and distracted in conversation, and at home he was so grumpy that his wife and daughter became seriously concerned about him, and began pertinaciously to urge him, directly and by elaborate hints, to take a holiday, which increased his irritability. He answered them with transparent falsehoods: there was nothing wrong with him, there was nothing annoying him, a man might be allowed to think about his work, and so on.

They could not drive him; but in the end he drove himself. He could stand this uncertainty no longer, an uncertainty which not only ruined his work but robbed him of his recreation: for, since the fateful evening, he had been hardly able to look at his bookshelves, much less settle down to his favorite reading. One morning, when the sun shone, he went to his study before leaving home and wrote to Fynes a letter which he sent off by hand, asking for an immediate reply to his chambers. 'I may not be in to dinner to-night; I have to see a man,' he remarked to his wife as he left home. 'Do look after yourself, Eustace,' she said impetuously. 'I do wish you'd take things more easily. Anyhow, it'll be all right to-night. We're both going to Lady Fouracres'.'

'Dear Fynes,' ran the letter, 'I have just heard from Atkins that you possess a manuscript collection of Baxter's letters. The account Atkins gave me of them was so astonishing as to be incredible. I can only suppose that there is a mistake somewhere. I hope Atkins was not in error in telling me about them. But since he *has* told me, I feel that I must, if you will allow me, see them. I am, as you may know, a close student of Baxter's life and works; and I feel it is vital to me to clear up this most disquieting mystery. I could come round to your flat to-night if you are free.'

The plunge had been taken; as he proceeded to the Temple Mr. Hawke was relieved, and relieved to find himself relieved. Reasoning had frequently failed him. Something beyond reason now told him that he had done the right thing. For the first time for days he was able to work well and to eat a normal lunch. Fynes's answer came, 'By all means.' Mr. Hawke dined alone at Simpson's, in the agreeable calm of a man who has acted upon an irrevocable decision, burned his boats, and landed on a firm, although un-

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known, shore from which return is impossible. He walked along the Embankment to the flat in Westminster, and, as he walked up the steps of the Mansions, was ashamed to feel a thrill of excitement which conscience tried to quell with a desperate 'No: this shameful thing is *not* true.'

Fynes received him in his luxurious study-drawing-room, the abode of a bachelor with a taste for Chippendale, French classics, old morocco, and limited editions. 'Delighted to see you,' he said, and proceeded at once, rather apologetically, to explain why he had never invited Hawke to see his Baxter treasures before. 'Of course, I need scarcely say, Hawke, that in the ordinary way I should be only too charmed for you to see and make use of anything I happen—to—have.—But—I—could n't help keeping these particular things dark. I'm not especially keen on blowing on people's reputations, and I don't especially enjoy hurting their admirers' feelings. I knew how devoted you were to Baxter, and I did n't want to upset you; besides, these things, whoever has written them, would probably shock you. I, I am afraid, am rather casehardened.'

'That's all right,' said Mr. Hawke, uneasily looking around, 'I quite understand. And I hope you understand my motives in coming. The thing has got absurdly on my nerves and I simply must get rid of it.' His loyalty and his desire that the solid ground should not fail beneath him were responsible for his next words. 'I hope you won't mind my saying that I shall probably question their authenticity.'

Fynes looked at him with eyes steady under their drooping lids, and mouth that tightened whimsically. 'I doubt it,' he said. 'Their pedigree is perfect.' He walked to a corner by the door, knelt down, and began unlocking the lowest drawer of a dark mahogany cabinet. 'I got them,' he said, 'from Brooks of Oxford Street. He does n't usually deal in this sort of thing, but a great author is another matter. I take it you admit that Brooks is straight?'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Hawke, gulping slightly, and feeling at once a little sick and a little excited now that he was right on the verge.

'Well, he gave his guaranty, and I've gone into it pretty carefully myself. It may be astonishing, but I can tell you it's all right.' He rose with a portfolio, brought it over, and put it on a small table in front of Hawke. Keeping his hand on the packet, he went on: 'I need scarcely ask you whether you know Baxter's handwriting?'

Hawke looked him in the eyes with a spurious boldness. 'I know it,' he said, 'as well as my own. I know the papers of the day and their watermarks, and I know something about inks. I know where Baxter was at almost any date in his life. I also claim to know something about all his friends.'

'I don't think you know about this one,' remarked Fynes with a cynical little laugh. 'Look at them yourself, and take your time about it.'

Mr. Hawke examined the letters. They were a revelation. There was no question here of mere exuberant animality or jocular coarseness. It was like looking into the Pit. . . .

He walked home. His world had been shattered. For the first few minutes the excitement of discovery had been so great that he had almost enjoyed himself. Even now at moments the savage in him was elated when the thought came: 'What a secret! Imagine the sensation if one told the world to-morrow.' By the time he reached his dark house the savage had savored all he could of that imaginary thrill; there remained the

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civilized man ashamed at his own baseness, sorrow-stricken because of the destruction of his idol, unable to see how he would ever reconstruct a world to live in, in revolt against the meanness and squalor of the whole human race, willing to believe anything of anybody, hopeless, wretched past despair. He lay awake in anguish all that night, turning or still on his back, his eyes sometimes shut, sometimes deliberately open to the glimmering window as a partial refuge from the nightmare of his own thoughts. Now and then the face of Baxter came back to him: sometimes the old face unchanged, sometimes a mask distorted with villainy, sometimes a new image with reproach in its eyes, unjustly presenting itself considering what he had learned.

Mr. Hawke thought of the collection of books in the room across the landing; the docketed Baxterian references; the half-completed papers; the files of *Baxteriana*, repository of the eager and innocent recreations of so many harmless people — if indeed anybody was harmless. What a monstrous monument to hypocrisy they had all built up; how they had imposed on the world with their ideal pictures of this hideous creature; with what fatuity they had taken him for granted; with what ease he had swindled them all into thinking that all good causes would be helped if they discovered who his maternal great-grandparents were and in what hotel at Chichester he had stayed during his one brief visit there!

The night seemed endless; when he rose at last in the cold dawn he was amazed at the face, drawn, white, hagridden, which confronted him in the glass. Daylight made things easier, though; and after early toast and coffee he fled from the prospect of an inquisitive family, walked up Sloane Street to the Park, and with his overcoat well buttoned up began to stroll up and down by the Serpentine.

It was a crisis; what should he do? Was it his duty to explode the vast deceit of the Baxter legend or was it not? Should he be a party to a colossal lie? Or should he precipitate an exposure which would destroy the pastime of thousands, the living even of some, and be a powerful agent on behalf of a cynical and embittered philosophy of life? He had thought the crucial decision about duty had already been taken; but no, it was still in front of him.

Through a thin mist a wintry sun touched with orange the sluggish ripples of the lake; a gray gull drifted to and fro; the solitude and quietness gradually assuaged his trouble and induced a certain resignation. Peace seemed worth having; even the illusion of stability better than a world all obvious quicksands. 'Great is Truth and it shall prevail'; 'Let justice be done if the heavens fall'; with these two proverbs he had often fortified himself during a life of struggle, but this morning they had lost their force. He was fatigued; he envied those whose faith was undisturbed; 'Why trouble them?' he asked himself. And arguments came to reënforce his inclination. If Baxter's reputation was not a work of nature could it not be regarded as an ideal creation of art? It expressed a dream of the race if not the achievement of Baxter. That figure, so loved and revered, had never lived in the world, but it had the existence of a grand statue, and to destroy it would be like shattering a statue to pieces because its lines had but a legendary basis. Why diminish the beauty in the world, or remove a consolatory lie that was only a lie in a sense?

The passers-by grew more numerous. Mr. Hawke did not wish to attract attention by parading longer in Napo-

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leonic contemplation; he made a quick resolve, stepped out for Hyde Park Corner, took a cab to the Temple, and rang Fynes up. Fynes was still in, no doubt at a late breakfast. 'I say, Fynes,' said Mr. Hawke, 'do you feel inclined to sell those letters?' He thought he heard a slight titter at the other end; it made him blush, but he was determined to see the thing through. 'Well,' came the answer, 'as a matter of fact, I had been thinking of it already. I've got an offer for them from America.' 'We can't do it over the telephone,' said Mr. Hawke resolutely. 'I'll come along and see you at once.' Then, without giving Fynes time to say that he was going out, he rang off. He called a cab in the Strand, and set off again for the scene of his last night's ordeal.

His mind was made up. He could not bear that the scoffers of the world should rejoice to find that Baxter also had disgraced himself. 'Hypocrisy,' he remembered, 'is the tribute that vice pays to virtue.' After all, it showed the superiority of virtue, and any tribute was better than none; why, he thought, with a wistful smile, should he intercept Baxter's tribute, if that only meant a score for unashamed and unmitigated vice? Arrived at the flat, he found on Fynes's face an expression of friendly interest. 'Do you want these letters very badly, Hawke?' he asked. 'For, if so, I'm afraid you'll have to pay through the nose for them.' 'I will pay anything within reason,' said Hawke; and at the other man's cold chaffering he found reviving within himself something of his old affection for Baxter, a desire to protect him maternally against a cruel sardonic world.

'I've been offered a very large sum by an American,' continued Fynes. 'He wants them purely as a collector. I don't know what your interest in them may be, but if, as I suspect, you want to suppress them, you've got to go rather a long way.'

'To be frank, I do want to suppress them,' said Hawke. 'I think they are abominable and ought to be suppressed. Can't you see that?'

'Oh, yes, I can see it,' said Fynes, 'and it may comfort you to know that my American is the last man in the world to publish them. Half his pleasure would vanish if he had n't got the things to himself. He has offered me four thousand pounds for them: I need money, and it means a lot to me.'

Hawke was dazed. Four thousand pounds. He began to confess inability to compete and then his gorge rose. What guaranty was there that the letters would not be vulgarly exploited? Ought not a self-respecting man to make any sacrifice rather than be beaten in a matter of this kind? Would n't Baxter himself want him to have the courage of his convictions? he reflected automatically; then pulled himself together with the reminder that Baxter was a blackguard and a humbug. Four thousand pounds, though he made a good income, was half his savings; and he was a prudent man. But he suddenly saw red; he simply had to act; and rather hoarsely, but still quietly, he said, 'I'll give you five thousand if you'll hand over the manuscripts now.'

'That's good enough for me,' said Fynes.

Mr. Hawke did not go back to his chambers. He went to his house and there he went to his study; the fire was not lit, but he lit it and nursed it to a blaze. He then opened his parcel and, without looking again at its contents, put them one by one on the flames and watched them shrivel. As the last curled up and calcined his heart lightened, and he sighed: he was burning

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letters of Baxter's, and it was impossible for the old love to be entirely uprooted. He fought down his pangs, turned, and looked at his shelves with alien eyes.

Rumors got about. They were indignantly repudiated by Baxter's champions; there was no evidence, and Baxter stands as high as ever he did. Mr. Hawke, however, found his occupation gone. He could pity Baxter now; he was not merely disgusted with him. But he committed his unfinished researches to the flames and he resigned his membership of the Baxter Society, without giving any explanation. They implored him to remain on if only as an honorary member; he weakened and assented. But nothing could revive his former enthusiasm; nobody else could minister to his tastes as Baxter had ministered to them; he avoided Baxterians and he found himself disinclined for any new literary hobby. The result was that one morning he suddenly announced to his wife and daughter that he would like to join them at the evening's dance if they did n't mind.

They were overjoyed. So it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

AT THE INN OF THE FRAGRANT ROSE

BY ARNALDO CIPOLLA

From *La Stampa, February* 28
(Turin Giolitti Daily)

I am at Nagano in the heart of the Japanese Alps at the 'Inn of the Fragrant Rose.' It is 10 p. m., but the little town is still brightly lighted and full of life. Japanese towns are very much alike — rectangular streets of wooden cottages, long rows of little shops where the products of Japan's modern factories and of her ancient handicrafts are heaped in friendly confusion, garments and fabrics displayed outside as they are in Oriental bazaars, and everywhere a flood of light. Most of the merchants sit motionless in the centre of their booths and bestir themselves reluctantly to show their goods to Occidental customers. I was told that this apathetic attitude toward Westerners is a sort of passive resistance, — an exhibition of racial hostility, — but perhaps that is not true.

Certainly I encountered nothing of the sort at my inn — nothing more than a laughing protest from mine host when I started to walk in without removing my shoes. The proprietor's little office was quite surrounded by a row of footgear of every conceivable description, left there by his guests. Indeed, it was possible to tell whether a person was in by looking at the display of shoes and sandals in the office.

There are no keys in a Japanese hotel. The building suggests a child's playhouse — a little structure of paper, slats, and matting. At first glance my room seemed utterly unfurnished, but closer inspection disclosed a low lacquer

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table in one corner, upon which were a censer, a porcelain statuette, a telephone, and a Japanese novel. On one wall hung a scroll with some mystical hieroglyphics painted upon it. Continuing my examination, I finally made out in another corner a flowerpot containing a curious distorted dwarf cedar, not more than four or five inches high.

The first thing that came was the incense for the censer. It was brought by a maid who knelt and bowed ten times before lighting it. Next a cup of tea appeared, as bitter as hemlock. My bed did not arrive until an hour later, in the form of two quilts and a cylindrical pillow as hard as stone. After delivering the bed, the servants brought in writing-materials — a tiny tablet of ink, a brush, and a roll of fine paper. That delicate attention I doubtless owed to the fact that the proprietor had read in the visé on my passport that I was a 'writer' — not a 'journalist,' which, I am informed, is a much inferior trade in Japan.

The adjoining rooms are occupied, but in spite of the thin paper partitions I am not conscious of any lack of privacy.

Three smiling little maids brought my dinner. If a person bears in mind that by holding his chopsticks the way we do a pen in the West he can eat with them with reasonable poise and security, it is not necessary to use the fingers. However, it takes practice. The menu was sufficiently varied. My palate suggested, 'Perhaps these are mushrooms cooked with yolks of eggs,' yet they had a flavor that was absolutely new and foreign. It was useless to ask questions, for they only elicited from the three little maids still more smiles and bows. When I did not like the side dishes, I could always attack the rice, which was steamed and served in a pretty, shallow, lacquer dish, without any condiment whatever.

Next morning, upon my departure, my host and all his servants — presumably in recognition of my generous tip — accompanied me to the railway station in long procession. Each one carried some article of my belongings. And as the train moved slowly, but not majestically, toward the pass at the head of Kiso Valley, I was sped on my journey with an 'honorable salute,' — a dozen deep bows in succession made in absolute unison by ten people, — their parting token of respect and goodwill to 'the honorable stranger who is leaving.'

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IS LITERATURE IN A BLIND ALLEY?

BY QUERIST

From the *Irish Statesman, February* 9
(DUBLIN POLITICAL AND LITERARY WEEKLY)

THERE are certain immortals whose influence it is literary sacrilege to deprecate. It is admitted that Homer nods at times, but by the way the admission is made it is almost regarded as one of his merits. There are passages in Shakespeare's plays which are not attributable to nodding, but to the writer being too riotously alive, but the worshipers silently attribute the worst rant to the more obscure dramatists with whom the genius collaborated. But if anybody suggested that the genius himself had darkened wisdom that would be sacrilege. If I do suggest this let nobody accuse me of denying the marvel of the genius which I affirm. Let me commit my sacrilege without making myself liable also to the charge of depreciating the poet or artist.

There are certain figures in history which are pivotal, and around them myriads have wheeled to new destinies. Jesus, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, and Mohammed were pivotal in the spiritual sphere as Cæsar, Alexander, Columbus, or Washington were on another plane of being. All philosophers after Plato and Aristotle may be classed as introverts or extroverts. Newton and Darwin were pivotal figures in science, and physics and biology ever since have gone wandering down the avenues they opened. The *Confessions* of Rousseau were, I imagine, even more pivotal than *The Social Contract.* How many, encouraged by that first daring of self-revelation, have since laid open the privacy of the soul? Shakespeare was undoubtedly pivotal, more so perhaps than any except the great spiritual figures. But did he lead literature into a blind alley?

Let us contrast Shakespeare with his greatest predecessors, the Greek dramatists. Let us take the *Œdipus* of Sophocles. As we watch the action we suddenly become aware of an invisible presence, Nemesis, a deity, who puts down the mighty from their seats and exalts insignificance. Sovereignty, however august in that realm to which the dramatist brings us, is as subject to that invisible divinity as atom or molecule is subject to law. Human insignificance is dignified by association with the same deity, for it feels its being shepherded to its destiny by august powers. The greatest of Greek dramas leave us with this sense that the characters meet to reveal something greater than themselves. At the close of the marvelous mystery-drama of *Prometheus Bound* the Titan is still in a physical sense manacled and tortured, a slave of the gods, but the spiritual will is sovereign and unconquerable.

In classic drama we are conscious of the domination of universal and eternal ideas. The play is the dramatization of the Idea as our own dreams are a dramatic sundering of ourselves to illustrate some mood of body or soul. When we waken from the dream we realize how illusionary were the characters and how real the passion or idea. We are almost always waking as a Greek drama comes to its climax to a consciousness of some enduring idea.

Shakespeare was the first supreme

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artist in literature who seems to be absorbed in character for its own sake. Nothing before or since has equaled the art by which recognizable personalities are revealed in a few words. Cæsar speaks, and in a few sentences we have the world-hero magnificent even in the senility of the dæmoniac spirit. Hamlet, Iago, Rosalind, Hotspur, whether they are central figures or subordinate, all are characters depicted with an extraordinary economy, and though they speak but few words they remain more vividly with us than most of the characters analyzed at prodigious length and set in every circumstance by the novelist.

But nothing is revealed in the Shakespearean drama except character. What did the genius of Shakespeare do for literature? More and more since his apparition have dramatist and novelist been artists of character for its own sake; and to be absorbed in character for its own sake is to be in a blind alley which leads nowhere. To the greater Greek dramatists life swam in an ether of deity, and that again bathes all the circumstance of the *Divine Comedy* or of the Indian epic, the *Mahabharata*. We feel as we read that we are in the divine procession, and know ourselves more truly by this envelopment, native to the spirit, than by looking at a mirror which reflects only personal character. We know ourselves as we are known when we are drawn out of our personal reverie and placed in juxtaposition with elemental laws or divinities. When we are absorbed in character for its own sake we are absorbed in our own illusion, and have not the perspective necessary for judgment.

Since Shakespeare became the shepherd of the artistic soul, dramatist and novelist have been more and more absorbed by this illusion; and we know in reality little more about ourselves when we have absorbed the literature of character than we did before. That is, we do not see ourselves in relation to spirit or to nature, where we are exalted or dwindle in a true perspective. This relation to spirit we feel when we read religion or poetry. This relation to nature we surmise in philosophy or science.

Balzac alone among the greater artists of character since Shakespeare had at times this supraconsciousness of spirit. These intuitions are absent from the artists of character who followed: Fielding, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Hardy, and also from many famous Continental novelists who, like the English, are in the blind alley. Dostoevskii at times seems to be awakening. Tolstoi, in trying to get another perspective, became only the moralist.

Do we not feel weariness in reading the most brilliant of modern novels because, while every nook, corner, and cranny of human character is explored, we know, or surmise, nothing about the vast cavalcade of humanity, its fountain; whither it is tending, or what laws govern its being? I believe a reaction against this absorption in character for its own sake is inevitable, and we shall once more have a literature where humanity is depicted, acted on by spiritual influences or by its interblending with the life of nature. Perhaps just as science, materialistic for a generation, has become etherealized before the mystery of the atom, so psychology may escape from the materialism of Freud and his school and discover at the last analysis that there is a transcendental element in human life; and the artists, always sensitive to spiritual atmospheres, may be inspired to draw literature out of the blind alley where the greatest of their tribe led it, to conceive of life as part of a divine procession in which the personal dwindles but the immortal may be exalted by a profound consciousness of cosmic purpose.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE LANES OF PICARDY

BY STANLEY PENN

[London *Poetry*]

WHAT can a crippled soldier do?
Gardening, a bit; odd jobs, a few —
The days are past when, bold and free,
I roamed the lanes of Picardy.

I'd friends and comrades then, a score;
(Count the black crosses by the shore) —
Now I go limping lonelily,
Down the green lanes of Picardy.

The 'Christ' that at the crossroads stands
Saw us go forth, in eager bands,
When war's alarum, fierce and high,
Rang through the lanes of Picardy.

He saw all go — but few return.
Ah, gentle Christ! did'st Thou not yearn
To stay the feet that hurried by
Down the long lanes of Picardy?

Past are the anguish and the fears,
Silent the laughter and the tears;
Yet still their echoes come to me
In haunted lanes of Picardy.

When I in churchyard earth am laid
There'll be another soldier shade
To join that ghostly company,
Whose feet, at night, go tramping by —
(So wearily, so eerily!)
Down the dark lanes of Picardy.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE HUMOROUS ACADEMY

When you band together to organize a joke you are very likely to make a joke of organization — a hilarious thought that does not seem to have dawned upon the solemn little group of twenty Parisian humorists who set themselves up a few weeks ago as nothing less, if you please, than the French Academy of Humor. There are wicked people in Paris — alas, such base minds exist in every city! — who cynically hint that the new Academy owes its foundation to the failure of M. Gabriel de Lautrec, the translator of Mark Twain, to secure election to the Académie Française, the sacred band of the Immortal Forty — whose actual number happens to be thirty-seven at the present moment.

Oh, that the shade of Samuel Clemens might describe the deeds of Mark Twain's translator! No sooner had the humorists discovered that one of their number had been rejected by the Immortals than they made up their minds that such a slight was no laughing-matter, and promptly set up an Academy of Humor all their own, at whose doors MM. Anatole France and Paul Bourget and the rest of the Académie Française, if they ever knock at all, will certainly knock in vain.

There were humorists in Paris who felt the chill finger of doubt upon their ribs when they beheld the deadly seriousness of the organizers. M. Georges Courteline, the prettiest wit in Paris, declined an invitation to membership with courteous gravity but with a skeptical twinkle shedding its light here and there amid his sentences. M. Tristan Bernard asked cruelly whether the new Academy was itself intended as a joke. Such mirthful Titans as Clément Vautel, Billy, and de la Fouchardière stayed outside, — possibly for good reasons, possibly even for funny ones, but indubitably outside, — while with the stern, unsmiling lips of men intent upon a high emprise the organized Academy of Humor proceeded steadfastly upon its humorous way.

These are the names of the Hilarious Twenty whose jokes will henceforth be as official as the dictionary of the Académie Française, as scientific as the proceedings of the Académie des Sciences, but, let us hope, a trifle less dead than the productions of the Académie des Inscriptions: —

Georges Auriol, Pierre Benoit, Dominique Bonnaud, Rudolphe Bringer, Cami, Curnonsky, Maurice Dekobra, Hugues Delorme, Gaston Derys, Georges Ducquois, René Dubreuil, André Foucault, Arnould Galopin, Paul Gavault, Jean Giraudoux, Gabriel de Lautrec, Charles Torquet, Treble, Pierre Valdagne, and André Warnod.

Its gravity is the most humorous thing about the new Academy, which at its first meeting — without the flicker of an eyelash or the quiver of a lip — debated the metaphysical problem, *La mystification, est-elle du domaine de l'humour?* while beneath the Cupola, on the other bank of the Seine, the forty Immortals of the Académie Française were having an exceedingly good time trying to decide, for the benefit of their official dictionary, which of the various meanings, slang or otherwise, attaching to the word *lapin* (rabbit) merit admission to that sacred volume. Later on they decided to admit the word 'football' — whether with or without hyphen all citizens of Paris (and particularly its proof-readers) are still agog to discover. The serious Academy turned

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almost humorous for at least one Thursday afternoon, while the Academy of Humor was prevented from turning serious only by the fact that it had never been anything else.

Already one sly wag has distorted a title of De Musset's in order to suggest to the new Academicians that *On ne badine pas avec l'humour* — a quip which either entitles him to immediate election as a reward for his cleverness or else permanently disqualifies him on the ground that he does not take the Academy of Humor with appropriate seriousness.

It is reliably reported that the Académie Française rang with the nice laughter of careful scholars while the *lapin* was, so to speak, on the board; but all France is cheered to learn that there is at least one body which knows how to preserve its academic dignity and in which no such scandalous goings-on will be tolerated. No smile, no chortle, no least grin. If spectators of the deliberations feel inclined to laugh, they will have to leave the rarefied atmosphere of the Academy of Humor.

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SUDERMANN'S LITERARY PLANS AND PROSPECTS

HERMANN SUDERMANN has of late been confiding his literary past, plans, and prospects almost promiscuously. A Viennese lecture audience, an interviewer for the *Neue Freie Presse*, and the Berlin correspondent of the Italian newspaper, *Corriere della Sera*, have all been invited to inspect the dramatist's portfolio — or if not quite literally to inspect it, at least to listen to the dramatist's own account of it and of himself. For the current year Sudermann is content to produce a single play, *Denkmalweihe* (Dedication of a Monument), in Cologne, Königsberg, and Vienna.

'Why not in Berlin?' the *Corriere della Sera's* correspondent wanted to know.

'Because Berlin has queer tastes, these days,' replied Sudermann. 'The so-called Expressionistic Movement reigns supreme there, and the public, unfortunately, submits to being served with this kind of thing.'

Denkmalweihe is at least not an expressionistic play. Alfred Polgar, dramatic critic of the *Neue Freie Presse*, describes it as 'genteel and suited only to the best circles of society' — which may either be Herr Polgar's opinion or only Herr Polgar's little joke, for the rest of his critique — as may not be unintentional — leaves the matter in some doubt. The monument in question — and before the play ends it is very much in question — is to be dedicated by a devoted widow to the memory of her husband, when a candidate for the succession to that defunct gentleman endeavors to shake her attachment by revealing a flagrant infidelity in the husband's past. The lady smashes a champagne glass — '*gewisz wertvolles*,' says Herr Polgar regretfully, though it was apparently empty — over the model of the monument, and eventually makes it clear that she means to dedicate the monument anyhow and to marry, not her heartless informant, but her steadfast friend, the Herr Generaldirektor.

In an interview granted to the *Neue Freie Presse*, Sudermann talked freely of the books he is now working on as well as of those he expects soon to begin: 'If I finish all the literary plans that I have in my head, I shall have to live to be ninety at the very least. Just now I am working on a novel called *Der Tolle Professor* (The Mad Professor), which goes back to the Bismarck period and deals with problems that have concerned me since my youth. I shall probably be occupied with this for the next two years.

'Besides this epic work, I have remained true to my first love, the drama.

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I finished a new piece, *Der Hasenfellhändler* (The Rabbit-Fur Merchant) this spring, but the larger portion of my energy has been devoted to the tetralogy, *Das Deutsche Schicksal*, which is concerned, if I may use the expression, with a soul-picture of the German people. The various members of the dramatic cycle forced themselves on me because of various phases of the tragic darkening of recent German history.

'The first play, *Heilige Zeit* (Holy Time), takes place in August 1914 and represents the emotional intoxication of the Germans at the outbreak of the war. The second, *Opfer* (Sacrifice), I have laid in 1917, when the curve of German fate was becoming apparent and the internal crash was already unavoidable. The third play, *Notruf* (Cry of Distress), brings revolutionary days in Berlin on the stage and seeks to depict the feverish unrest of the Communists. The tetralogy ends in a play called *Wie die Träumenden* (Like Them That Dream), describing the return home of a group of war prisoners after long absence, unrecognized because they are so changed. The title is taken from the Bible verse, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream."'

Sudermann told the correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera* that the very last of his tetralogy would not be published until after his death, but did not make it clear whether this referred to the final play as a whole or only to a portion of it.

♣

THE ANCIENT CORNISH LANGUAGE

Nebbuz Gerriau Dro Tho Carnoack was the title of an address delivered last month to the members of the London Cornish Association by Mr. Trelawny Roberts, one of the few men still able to speak the old tongue of Cornwall. Translated for the benefit of the fairly considerable number of the *Living Age's* readers who have not been reading much Cornish since they left college, these mysterious syllables emerge as 'A Few Words about Cornish.' The assembled Cornishmen merrily caroled the following ditty, which an Anglo-Saxon typewriter almost refuses to transcribe: —

Verow, Verow Trelawny brâs
Verow Trelawny brâs
Mez igans mil a dis kernow
A woffeth ol an câs,

but which in the English of King George V means: —

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why.

Cornish, Mr. Roberts pointed out, is not quite so dead as is usually believed, and he produced as evidence a post card just written him by a little girl of eleven, who had learned the language from her father. Prince Lucien Bonaparte is responsible for the legend that Dorothy Pentreath, who died in 1787, was the last person who spoke Cornish, a legend that is perpetuated on her tombstone. The old lady used to swear at tourists in Cornish, usually ending with the words — in discreet Cornish — 'Ugly black toad!' in exchange for the coppers lavished upon her by the visitors. John Davey of Zennor, who did not die until 1891, could speak it fluently. Ninety per cent of the place-names in modern Cornwall show traces of the old language. In spite of the profane achievements of Mistress Pentreath, Cornish boasts few oaths. 'God's curse in the kitchen' is regarded as an alarming expletive.

♣

FOREIGN STUDENTS IN GERMAN UNIVERSITIES

THERE is unrest among the foreign students in German universities, many

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of whom, even when favored by the exchange, find it difficult to make ends meet, and who are further burdened by the tax on foreigners, as well as by the extra fee which the universities demand of foreign students. In a well-balanced and very fair-minded article in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the best-known of the Stinnes newspapers, Herr Fritz Böhme sums up the grievances of the foreign students and the difficulties of academic officials with an acuteness in comprehending both sides of a difficult situation that makes it difficult to believe there was ever such a thing as a war.

There are 7500 foreign students studying in the German universities today as against 5000 studying there in 1914. Some time ago all foreign students in Berlin banded together in a protest addressed to the Government, in which they demanded the abolition of the tax, equal fees with German students, and special terms for poor students. In these days, as can well be imagined, the German Government has plenty to think of besides students' woes. However, the demands were heeded, though not, it must be admitted, entirely to the satisfaction of the students. Nevertheless, foreign students who found themselves in desperate straits were allowed to delay payment or were granted special terms. No less than 2200 requests for relief were addressed by foreign students to the Kultusministerium, of which, says Herr Böhme, 1900 were granted — an extraordinary concession when the financial difficulties of the country and especially those of its own students are considered.

In spite of this, however, some foreign students are already beginning to leave Germany and make their way to other European countries, where they inevitably tend to prejudice their new associates against German scholarship. 'Other countries that are in a position to do so,' says Herr Böhme apprehensively, 'are pursuing a deliberate policy of inducing foreigners to attend their higher schools. France is the leader, but there is also nationalistic Italy, not to mention others. These nations know what they are about, and we scarcely dare pursue the opposite policy, which would be to our own eventual harm.'

Reduction in extra fees and in special taxes, coupled with easier terms of payment, probably form the utmost concession possible from the German universities, which are far from self-supporting. The present cost to the State of higher education is from 300 to 400 gold marks for every university student and from 500 to 600 for every student in the technical schools. Foreigners can hardly expect the German taxpayers to bear this burden for them as well as for their own sons, and hence must resign themselves to paying a fee which may be reduced but cannot be wholly given up.

NEWS ABOUT BUNKER HILL

We clip from an English newspaper the following excerpt from a biography of a famous American financier:—

He smoked huge black cigars, rarely spoke to anyone, and was so high and great that, like an Emperor, he never dined out. He was above society. Anyone he wanted to meet in a social way he received in his own palatial residence on Bunker Hill — the most exclusive of New York's residential districts, more so even than Fifth-avenue, where the fabulously wealthy Vanderbilts have their homes.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Medieval Craftsmanship and the Modern Amateur, by Newton Wethered. London: Longmans, 1924. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[Frank Kendon in the *Spectator*]

STUDENTS of artistic history will not disdain this volume, and if they take it up the chances are that they will end by trying their hand at one of the crafts described, while the craftsman, eagerly reading the details of manipulation, will find his interest quickened in the history of men who lived similar happy lives long ago. That, of course, is taking the best view of results, though of the craftsman's interest in history there need be little doubt. There are some folk, however, who find it dull to read technical accounts of processes which they have never practised, and they had better be warned that this book, despite its title, is much more about doing the things — such as metal-work in all its forms, the making and decorating of *objets d'art*, the practice of enameling — than about the Middle Ages. Indeed the author makes it clear in his prefatory note that he had amateur craftsmen in mind — knowing well that craftsmen have unbounded interests generally — and was not addressing that vague body of nondescripts known by the generic title of 'the general reader.'

The Gentle Art of Authorship, by C. E. Lawrence. London: Jonathan Cape, 1924. 3*s.* 6*d.*

[*Observer*]

MR. LAWRENCE has produced a very useful book. He is one of those rare authors who can see other points of view than the writer's in the knotty problems of book-production. He knows and respects the difficulties of the publisher and the editor as well as those of the author; he understands the craft as well as the art of the authorship and never underestimates the business side of the matter. His advice to the young author is distinguished by its brevity as well as its sense, and he can bring all the necessary instances to convince the doubter about the soundness of his contentions. One piece of advice may be quoted as an illustration — it is one which is frequently neglected, and the neglect lamentably deplored: —

'The beginning of a novel, as of all actualities — use, is a thought, an idea, an inspiration. Jot it down at once. A word or two on a scrap of paper, or a starched cuff (though that seems practically obsolete), is better than nothing. Do not trust to memory. It is possible for an idea to be vivid and not more than half an hour afterward to be lost. The mind plays pranks sometimes as mischievously as Puck.'

Mr. Lawrence's freedom from prejudice can be seen in his discussion about authors' agents — the keenest agent will not grudge him his little complaint that 'the best argument against the existence of the agent is the sentimental one that he has come between the author and the publisher; that the old genial relations between them through him have been brought to an end.' Mr. Lawrence has some secrets of the publisher's trade to disclose, and he writes severely on the poaching publisher, reminding the young novelist that 'if the poached book is not profitable enough to repay the advanced bribe' . . . she 'will be dropped as readily as she was captured.' We wish he had kept a word of rebuke for that meanest of publishers, the man who refuses to allow work of which he holds the copyright to be included in an anthology, even when the authors are not merely willing but anxious to be represented. It is time he was pilloried as an enemy to his authors as well as to the anthologist.

Under London, by Stephen Graham. London: Macmillan, 1923. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

APPEARING over Mr. Stephen Graham's name, the title of this novel may well give rise to false expectations. In view of the author's often-expressed spiritual consanguinity with

> The world defeated,
> Bound on the Ixionian wheel
> Of toil, or trodden down and treated
> As dross that clogs this age of steel,

it is natural to expect that the story's setting will be many degrees nearer the base of the economic pyramid than is actually the case. Mr. Graham has chosen instead the territory of George Gissing — the wilderness, or rather, as he appears to regard it, the quicksand of black-coated, office-bred humanity, which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, engulfs hope, ambition, and initiative in a mechanical round of train-catching, book-entry, and the wrestling with ways and means — largely the woman's part — that ends only with the grave.

A gloomy tale of frustration, it sounds, but the telling is not sombre. Mr. Graham's sense of fun and physical gusto preserve a salutary distance between him and depression, the poor relation of tragedy. He leads his hero from childhood in a southeastern suburb through

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school days and adolescence to the crucial moment when he had the chance of choosing between open life on the ranch of a scapegrace uncle in America or the obvious billet in an insurance office, and, after a struggle with the call of young blood, dwindles into just adequate security, from which, a page of epilogue explains, he is delivered for the interlude of the war, at the eventual cost of an eye.

When a craftsman in any sphere of art resists the unconscious pressure of his public that he should spend the rest of his life producing the same rabbit from the same top-hat, it is mischievous, as well as ungracious, in the critic to suggest that the old conjuring-trick was the best. But Mr. Graham sufficiently demonstrated his capacity to break his own mould in *A Private in the Guards*, and in the present instance the conclusion cannot be shirked that his choice of a milieu has not been altogether happily inspired. On the principle that *on ne peut appuyer que sur ce qui résiste*, the inference imposes itself that neither the setting nor the story has proved solid enough for the author to bite into. It is difficult to say precisely what is lacking, for observation, sympathy, and humor are present in quantity, but the prevailing impression is of a provoking thinness, a certain failure in personal feeling, which cannot but disappoint admirers of Mr. Graham's consistently honest workmanship and sound, oaken style.

Plain-Chant, by Jean Cocteau. Paris: Stock, 1923.

[*Nouvelle Revue Française*]

Plain-Chant is like an illustration from a book of criticisms in which Jean Cocteau has introduced us to his angel and his muses; or perhaps from a novel in which he has exposed his 'oversized heart'; or from certain passages in *Potomak* in which he speaks of love as 'the dull horror of unreciprocation.'

Cocteau has never cut the thread that attaches him to the invisible. About even his barest expressions there still remains room enough for the dream. But now the blank spaces on his pages are filled, he has bound it all together with substantives, the oil flows readily from one lamp to the other, and the night is suddenly made clear.

It is easy enough to admire the rigor and the perfection of his language, to justify his ingenious turns and elegant inversions. His words define his thought without circumscribing it. It is not true to say that any polished piece of work cannot be considered at the same time spiritually sound. Although the poetry of Jean Cocteau is the clearest and purest that is being written to-day, it has lost none of its inner glow, and if we look beyond the mere writing we descry clear beams of light that rise from the depths intermingled with the surface reflections.

Contemporary Portraits (Fourth Series), by Frank Harris. London: Grant Richards, 1924. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Herald*]

REVIEWER. Next, please.

REVIEWER'S BOY (*taking Review Book from endless revolving band*). *Contemporary Portraits* (Fourth Series), by Frank Harris.

REVIEWER. Frank Harris, eh? Damnably ill-natured and nearly always right. Who's he writing about this time?

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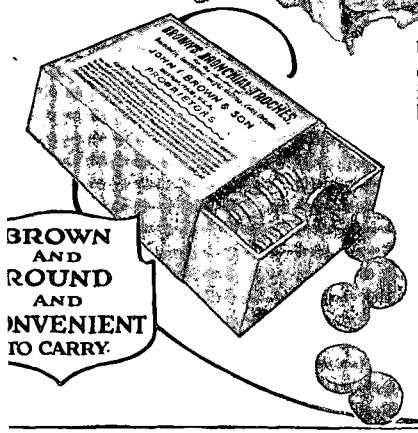

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